

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

3⁹⁵

CIGAR STUDS

COVERMAN
JOHN KASS

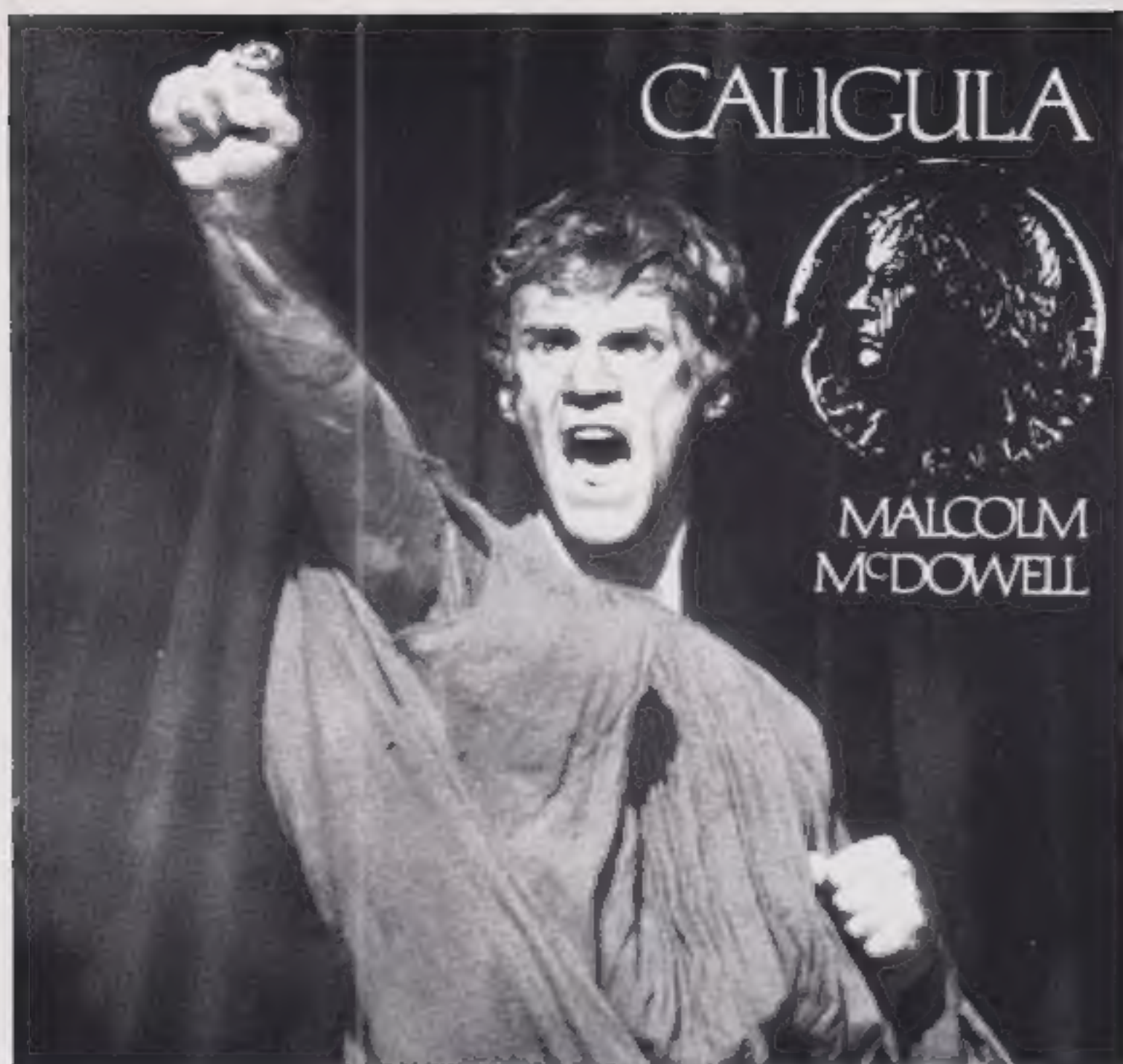
MR. DRUMMER
1984 POSTER

FIRST PHOTOS!
MR. ZEUS '84

STORY OF 'Q'
REVISITED

HOT NEW FICTION:
MASON POWELL
T.R. WITOMSKI
ROY WOOD

ISSUE 74



CALIGULA

At last, the most famous adult film ever made is available on video! Malcolm McDowell stars as the perverse emperor who shocked even the decadent Roman citizens of his time. This lavish, controversial epic was recently declared "not obscene" by the Supreme Court. This is the original 2½-hour uncut version.

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BEST OF TROPHY I

An hour of highlights from *Ebony Love*, *Cop in the Park*, *Challenger*, *Mark*, *Eureka Bound*, *Erection Set*, *Don't Fight It Kid*, *Truckstop*, and *Marine Furlough*.

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BEST OF TROPHY II

An hour of highlights from *J. Brian's Flashback*, *Winner's Circle*, *Hungry Hole*, *Blue Streak*, *Small Town Boy*, and *Breakdown*.

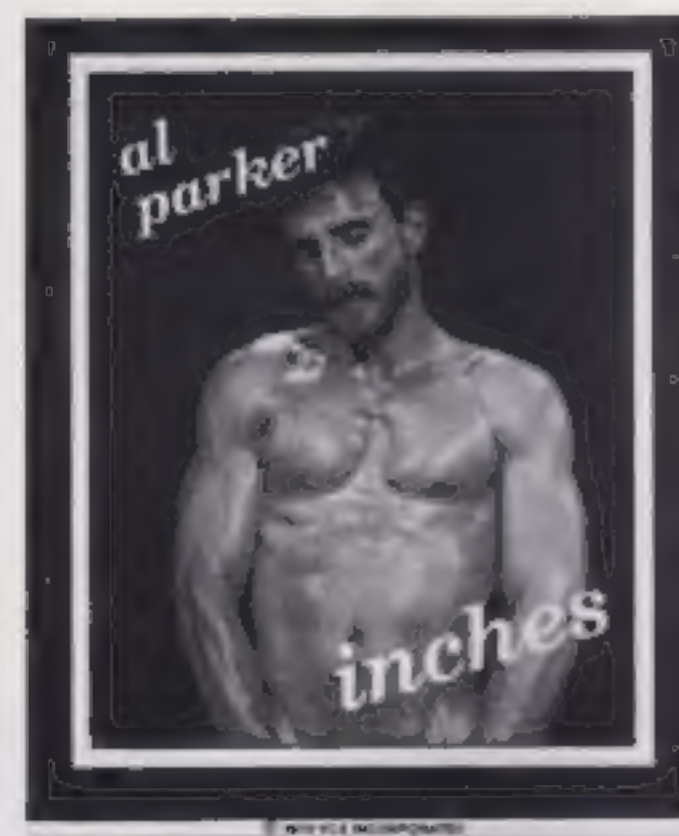
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AL PARKER — INCHES

Inches features the legendary Al Parker in one of his meatiest roles, as an up and coming photographer who falls in and out of love with a parade of hot and hung young models. Teamed with Bob Blount, Steve Taylor and Buck Stevens in a story of nonstop naked action, Parker shows the stuff that's made him a superstar.

Lusty and sexual, *Inches* is already a classic among contemporary gay films. This is the memorable production that set the standard for Al Parker's extraordinary career.

VHS/BETA **69⁹⁵**

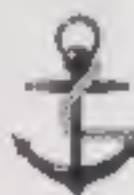


PLEASURE BEACH

Arthur J. Bressan Jr.'s first erotic gay film since *Forbidden Letters* is a torrid, romantic, steamy look at the world of lifeguards and surfers. Michael Christopher, Johnny Dawes, and Chris Burns head a hot, talented cast that know no limits in their search for satisfaction...and love.

VHS/BETA **69⁹⁵**

TROPHY seamen



THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

SEAMEN

If you like your meat in a navy wrapper, you'll have a field day with *Seamen*, four separate adventures in regulation whites. A cast of exciting unknowns fills out the bellbottom trousers in this hour of hard, driving, explosive action! From the people who brought you *Marine Furlough*.

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THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

"SMOKE IT!"



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover and Opposite Page: It takes a man to handle a stogie. John Kass, cigar smoker extraordinaire. Photos by Jim Wigler.

GETTING OFF

Nine years ago from about the time you will be reading this, virtually the entire staff of the Advocate got together with us to start a newspaper, the Advocate's new owner discarding both location and staff. Somewhere along the way we agreed to disagree and went into the magazine publishing business instead with an off-the-wall idea entitled **DRUMMER**. But the newspaper always seemed to be unfinished business.

Today, with the California governor vetoing the vitally important Gay Right To Work bill, AIDS being a medical, social and political plague in the community (with both gays and their enemies making the most and worst of it), the coming political campaigns bringing out the Democrats at their least and Reaganites at their worst, the (straight) Olympic Games, and who knows what else, the time seems to be right.

Communication is one of the great contributions the gay press makes. **DRUMMER** and **MANIFEST** fill their needs admirably. Each has been a success in its own right. But there is another world out there. The hetero press doesn't fulfill it. The Advocate abandoned its role as a newspaper, along with that staff, a long time ago.

Enter our new effort. Alternate Publishing very soon will be releasing a San Francisco/National newspaper unlike any you have ever seen before. We think you want it. We know we all need it.

The name?

Hasn't been christened yet. But what's in a name?

John H. Embry, Publisher

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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

THE BATTLE FOR BRITAIN

As a devoted subscriber to *Drummer* for the past year, I was naturally disappointed not to receive issue 70, which I assumed had gone astray in the post. This may, however, not have been the case, as I have just received a communication from Her Majesty's Customs and Excise informing me that my latest copy of the magazine has been "seized as liable to forfeiture upon the grounds that the said goods are indecent or obscene articles which were imported contrary to the prohibition contained in section 42 of the Customs Consolidation Act, 1876..."

Isn't it pathetic? This great country, virtually the cradle of political freedom, is rapidly sinking into a state of neo-fascism, with the police about to be given sweeping powers to arrest anyone whose appearance displeases them, take their keys, search their homes and keep them incommunicado for up to 96 hours. Gays will naturally be one of the categories singled out for harassment, and the gay community is seriously worried. Our only hope at the moment is that pressure from fellow members of the EEC (European Economic Council) may cause the government to moderate its attitude, but there is not much chance of that with Mrs. Thatcher at the helm. She listens to nobody and is known to be virulently anti-gay.

Anyway, we struggle on, and I would be most grateful if you could send me replacement copies of issues 70 and 72. Let's hope the busybodies miss them—could you try a different sort of envelope? Many Thanks.

J.D.
London, England

IF MY DICK CAN STAND IT!

I am writing to inform you that *Drummer* 70 never turned up. I received the issues before 70, and 71 and 72 have reached me. I have waited till now to see if it would turn up, but no luck.

Thank you—I really enjoy your magazine and I intend to continue my subscription into the future—that is, if my dick can stand it!

A.B.
New South Wales, Australia
(Editor's note: We suspect your problem with *Drummer* 70 is the same as that of the reader above, from Great Britain—another attack of the Postal Bluenose Brigade...)

FRIED EGGS

Rocco de Vega, the Zeus stud in *Drummer* 71's "Bound and Gagged" segment, is one really succulent, desirable

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IN THE LOVE CHAIR: Rocco de Vega, from *Drummer* 71. Photo by Zeus.

hunk. You could fry eggs with the whole section. He's a muscle voyeur's dream come true. Do you know where I can get a Love Chair?

F.J.
Texas

CAN'T GET ENOUGH

Brutus, your D.I., is fantastic! In the recent issues of *Drummer* and *Mach* he has been the really big hit—or at least he has been for me and thousands of others for whom his no-nonsense attitude is the fulfillment of some of our best fantasies. I'm sure you'll give us more and more of this great representative of the Master's role. Speaking for myself, I don't think I can get too much of him.

In fact, I'm already looking forward to at least a full-length publication filled with the best pictures of Brutus. These "best pictures" of him will just have to be those showing him breaking in new slaves or ruthlessly dominating old ones.

I really enjoyed that set of pictures of him that appeared in *Mach* 7 recently. But

the fact that they appeared right after the update on "My Five Years as a Dog" reminds me of something I've been wanting to write you about for years, and now seems as good a time as any, because Brutus would be a natural for it. I have in mind an SM fantasy that I have not seen portrayed, at least not to any extent, in either *Drummer* or *Mach*.

The fantasy I have in mind is one that sees "the slave as a horse." The Master uses his slave as a horse in any one of a number of ways, such as the slave pulling a cart in which the Master rides, the Master riding the slave piggyback and making liberal use of quirt and spurs to get more speed out of his slave, or the slave on his hands and knees with the Master mounted on his back and using a riding crop and spurs to advantage. The imagery really heightens for me the sense of complete domination and submission in the Master/slave relation; the slave is rendering service to his Master but must do it at a pace and in a way determined by the Master. Because it's a "great way to go," I'd like to plead for a number of special pho-

tos in which Brutus, as the powerful leather Master that he is, uses and rides his slave-horse to his heart's content. That would be the most fantastic publication ever!

Grateful for your D.I., Brutus, and thankful beyond measure that you discovered him for us, I remain humbly yours...

slave jim/tom
Maryland

P.S. The first of the *Compound Tapes* arrived in good condition and, as expected, turned out to be fantastic listening. There is no doubt about it, Brutus is a great find; he's truly a chief Master.

(Editor's note: *Drummer* has dealt with the subject of the slave-as-a-horse, but it's been a while—Scott Master's "Leather Casting Couch" in *Drummer* 13, and a whole section devoted to the topic in *Drummer* 25. We'll keep it in mind.)

NO ABUSE LIKE SELF-ABUSE

Hooray for "The Joys of Self-Abuse" (*Drummer* 71)! Nothing turns me on like seeing a horny stud handling his meat, and your "chorus line" of self-abusers put me in jack-off heaven. I've managed to round up enough guys around these parts to have some great circle jerks, but nothing on the scale of what's going on in these pictures!

To all the guys at *Drummer*—keep up the good work. And to all those guys at your epic j/o party—keep it up!

Tom J.
Pensacola, FL

NOVICE SON

This is just a letter of appreciation for the fine job you do on your magazine. I've been interested in SM for a couple of years now, and due to a seeming lack of qualified Tops in my immediate area I remain a very inexperienced novice. So your magazine is my sole source of information as to what's going on in the leather world.

Also a belated note of appreciation for Daddy Doug from L.A. (*Drummer* 60). The man is HOT! He's the kind of man that I would gladly submit to, because he looks like the kind of man who knows how to get the most out of his son, and make him develop to his full potential.

To close, I would like to see more articles/photos/artwork dealing with wrestling. Keep up the excellent work!

J.B.
Ontario, Canada

RUBBER & TATTOOS

I was quite taken with the scenes of rubber SM included in an issue this past winter (*Drummer* 64). I have long been a slave into this particular fetish, even though I lost two Masters by death, and others, because of the nature of my profession and distances, are hard to come by. I hope from time to time you will feature more rubber guys in action. NWRM is a fine organization, much better than either of its predecessors—The Second Skin Society and Five Senses. Through it I have heard from a Master who yearns to keep me in rubber bondage at all times! Not very realistic, with

one's responsibilities, but a joy to toy with mentally. I have been in the bondage depicted in the picture on page 45 of *Drummer* 71. Mark I. Chester has a feel for these matters!

Another possible Master wrote, "I intend to cover your entire body with obscene tattoos, but you will not know what I have in mind until they are on you!" This leads me to wonder where the King of Hearts parties are held and when and where to write to secure raunchy tattoo shots like the one on page 78, *Drummer* 71. Tattooing is an excellent way to degrade a slave completely with pictures and patterns of his true position, the ways in which he has been or will be subjugated to his Master's lusts, and the purposes for which he will be used, loaned or sold.

Your magazine is such a triumph, I wonder how many readers can ever put into action the sessions you so expertly depict!

Jim Belton
Chicago, IL

MISSED YOU

I don't know how it happened, but somehow my subscription to *Drummer* ran out and I forgot to renew. I've been a loyal reader for years and really missed your great, hot mag.

Enclosed is a new subscription form and a check. I don't want to miss a single issue.

While I'm at it, how about doing an article on FF? Your foreskin articles are great. Keep up the good work.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

PIERCED, READY FOR MORE

Drummer 71, page 20—zowie! Just experienced two nipple piercings. The first was okay, but your photo on page 20 accurately describes the second—outstanding!

I'm ready for some cock punctures. How about some more advice regarding same. What about Prince Alberts? Have an interesting residue left over from a circumcision at age 14. It's next!

Drummer 72 was wild—thanks! Pages 9-11 showed pierced nips—hot. Damn hot! The clothespins are tuff! Talk more about this subject.

D.N.
Tacoma, WA

ON THE BATHROOM WALL

You might enjoy knowing that I have a number of photos from back issues framed and on my bathroom wall, which is a collection of male erotica. As I am a professional musician, the women in the ensemble I perform with have decided that those photos are terrific... their reputation precedes them! I particularly like Drum, and his antics...

Paul
Minneapolis, MN

DRUMMER 7



MORE ABUSE: Another demonstration of how to shift into fourth gear, from "The Joys of Self-Abuse" in *Drummer* 71. Photo by Jim Wigler.

CIGAR STUDS

DRUMMER goes to a meeting of the club devoted to Stogies and The Men Who Smoke Them. The photography is by JIM WIGLER and the verbal smoke is by ROBERT PAYNE. Who furnished the cigars is anybody's guess.

There are those among us to whom cigars are a sex object. And, failing that, there are those who are attracted by men who smoke cigars, even if a Dutch Master isn't their personal idea of erotic fulfillment. We have had request after request to "do another article on cigars," the last one, entitled "Cigars and the Men Who Smoke 'Em," being some twenty-odd issues ago. And so we made arrangements to cover a meeting of Cigar Studs, a national





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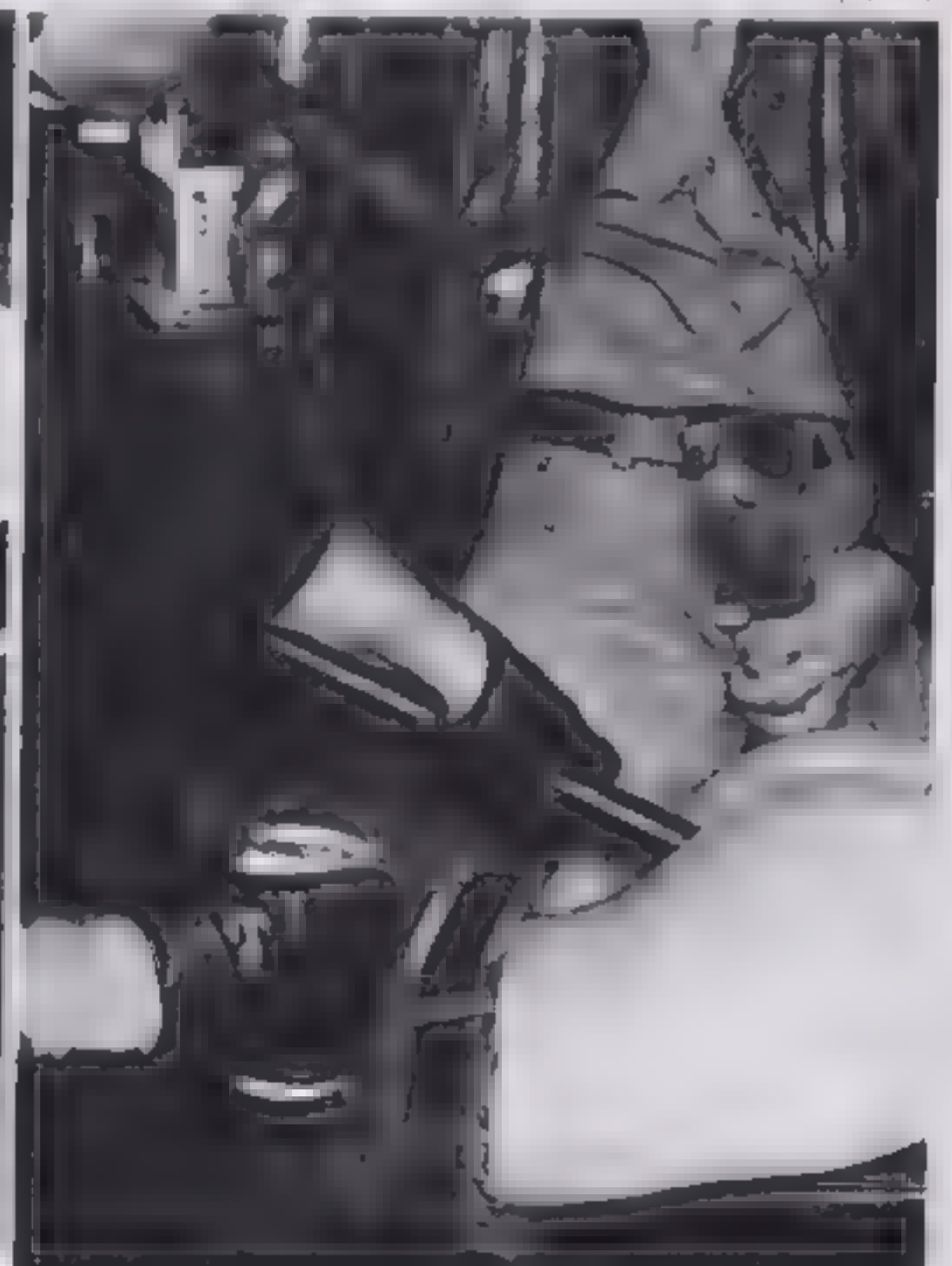


organization devoted to just that, whose San Francisco branch was holding an initiation of sorts at The Academy. We went excitedly—editor, art director and photographer—stopping first to get a quantity of cigars for the evening. Even the art director, who doesn't smoke, was told to suck on one, probably to keep him from sucking on other things. We entered, set up the lights and cameras, lit up our stogies and waited to let the good times roll.

The young man selected to be the

initiate served as a bartender and was expected to do a lot of cigar lighting from behind the bar. The cigar smoking members, complete with attitude, came in one at a time and struck up conversations, while blowing smoke in one another's faces. There wasn't a sissy in the bunch, lord knows, and they all seemed to dress the part. In fact, if one didn't know better, he would assume he had merely wandered into a redneck bar somewhere and had better watch himself.

A couple of the men were in uniform, complete with smoked glasses and badges, along with their cigars. These two were the leaders who decided to grab the bartender, throw him up on the bar itself, and pull down his pants. His shirt was next to come up, if not off, revealing tit clamps connected by a chain. The "sheriff's deputy" got and kept the bartender's attention by leading him around with the chain. The other "policeman" allowed the initiate to lick the barrel of his pistol, even to "smoke" the end of it. They blew







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large quantities of cigar smoke in the fellow's face and were quietly abusive with him. He, of course, was elaborately respectful. Anything they wished to do was exactly what ended up being done.

They laid him face-down on the bar and one uniformed fellow shoved an official-sized billy club into the exposed crack. I looked over and a man with a leather jacket had an exposed erection; he was holding over that same tender ass. It was bigger around than the club and seemed

almost as long. Its owner held it in one hand and his cigar in the other. I must admit I was turned on. At least I found myself rubbing my own equipment through my jeans. My cigar had gone out but there were other things to be concerned with at this point.

It was all so businesslike and efficient. No wasted motion, and you could cut the smoke with an ax. Our pledge had been moved from the bar to three bar stools, being pulled by his tit-chain and his balls.

He was again lying face-down, a fist and a billy club vying for the space between his ass cheeks, and his mouth was full of the cop's cock. He was made to hold this position for what seemed like hours, becoming an improvised cocktail table with his back holding ashtrays, beer cans, a resting o' bow, cigar ashes and several books of matches.

The conversation, other than an occasional reference to "the cocksucker" on whose backside they were resting their







e bows, and to the ass and balls of same. could have been that of any group of young men gathered for camaraderie suds and stogies—away from their womenfolk who care nothing for any of the aforementioned

Finally they let the young man stand and fastened his wrists together behind his back with the deputy's handcuffs. I noted he was still stroking the leatherman's big hanging cock. I suppose he had

been ordered to. He got down on his knees then and began servicing the club members, expertly and lovingly. He held those big cocks (one at a time) and stroked them with his mouth as though he were preparing an oversized cigar to smoke. He licked and worshipped, as befitted his position. Another hour or so went by and everyone was serviced to their satisfaction.

The big moment came. The fellow sat

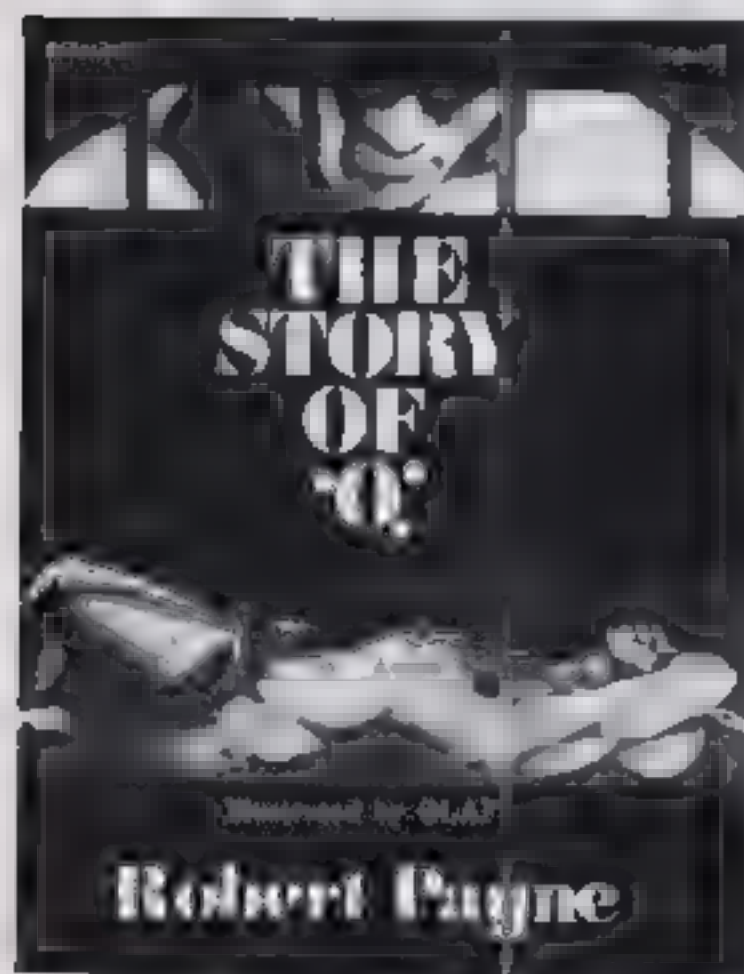
on the floor and one of his peers handed him a cigar. He unwrapped it, prepared it as though he had been smoking them all his life, put it in his mouth (which had held virtually everything else in the room that evening) and waited only a few seconds before each man held a match or a lighter to its end. He was one of them.

And after inhaling hundreds of cubic feet of fine cigar smoke throughout the evening so were we. □



STORY OF 'Q' REVISITED

ANOTHER
PRINTING FOR
ROBERT PAYNE'S
HOMOEROTIC
STORY,
MODELED AFTER A
CLASSIC, IT
HAS BECOME
A CLASSIC ON
ITS OWN. HERE
ARE A COUPLE
OF TANTALIZING
EXCERPTS AND
ANOTHER LOOK AT
OLAF'S
MAGNIFICENT
ILLUSTRATIONS.



The word began to trickle down; the "associates," the servants and then even the slaves knew that the Master's import business was in trouble. One version was that the authorities were closing in, that his source of supplies was being cut off. Another story said that others had moved into his territory and he was hard-pressed for resources. Whatever the cause, the situation it created manifested itself in the form of a "Sale of Contracts," actually a slave market.

More and more wealthy gentlemen came calling and the boys were marched up to the big room several times a day. If they had their rough work clothes on at the time, they were ordered to strip and the men or the representatives would look them over. They would refer to a sheath of papers for each boy, listing age, ancestry, weight and other information concerning his background, talents or education. Q's papers were still in the envelope marked Q and thus he was identified.

The physical examination was much more detailed than the paper one, however. Much attention was paid to the anal area, checking for growths or injuries. Teeth and nails were looked over and, of course, the pubic region was given special consideration. Foreskins were pulled back, erections were ordered and compared. Later in the week the gentlemen came down the stone steps to look the boys over, one at a time, in their cells.

Finally one night, they were brought into the Big Room and quietly auctioned off amid the smoke and babble emitted by the room's occupants. The boys were brought in separately and made to mount a small platform. The man in charge told the boy's age, described in glowing terms the years of hard work that could be gotten out of him, and pointed out the more saleable features.

The bidding on Q was more spirited than on the two preceding boys. The months he had spent in his master's employ had brought him closer to seventeen and the heavy work showed its effects on his shoulders, arms and chest. The physical demands of the work had matured his build to that of a fully developed man. The stature of his unknown forebear showed in the heavy legs and muscular belly, the broad shoulders and nordic features. Bidding was high and somewhat drawn out. He was ordered to squat, to bend over, to fetch a stick. Finally the last bid was made, the contract was signed over to two men and then Q himself was handed over.

He put on his work clothes, having no other belongings, and followed them outside to a waiting automobile. He sat in the front seat with the driver, while his new owners discussed him in the back.

The car sped on with Q looking straight ahead. It was a foggy night and the boy couldn't see much farther ahead than he could see into his own future at the

moment.

Q's new quarters were a contrast to his old ones. Instead of a stone floor and concrete walls and an iron bed with no other furnishings, this room, white small, was larger than the cell. Soft lights glowed from the corners of the room and a large bed was in the center. Night stands stood on each side of the bed and there were mirrors on three of the walls. A bathroom, shared with the occupant of the next room, was off to the side, next to a closet. There were many such rooms in the big old house. All were dimly lit, carpeted and designated for constant use. The decor made Q's new occupation obvious. He was to be rented out by the hour, used in any way the person who paid the price decided. And by working in the same bed he slept in, he was, at less than nineteen years of age, a whore.

He was also a novelty. The iron band around his ankle still remained as did the chain and lock around his neck. None of the other boys were equipped this way. One tall, sinewy youngster had a collar around his neck but he was free to take it off at will, or at his patron's will. The other boys were employees of a sort. Q was a piece of property.

Q's background became the talk of the house. A number of the bigger boys came into his room one night after the evening meal and decided to try him on for size. They didn't need numbers. Q was so used to following orders and having anyone and everyone be his superior that he allowed them anything they wished. From then on, after the last customer had left for the night, his contemporaries would steal into his room. This was forbidden, of course, but not all the boys had had the harsh training that Q had been subjected to.

One may wonder where they got the energy for more sex after being used most of the night. Youth was only one reason. They also were used to satisfy their clients, not themselves. Even if they had been allowed, or made, to come during their sessions, there was usually plenty left. Also, the opportunity to use someone else, someone bigger than they, the way they had been used—and abused—was tempting. They yielded to the temptation.

During the day some of the boys would go to the nearby park for sun and exercise. Q, who was by nature athletic, excelled in their games. He could run faster and jump higher than most. His reactions were quick; he was strong. It was fun at night to subject this young giant to a menial role after he had shown them up on the playing field.

One such bully was Jacques, who had been on the streets since he could remember. He was short of stature, but wide and solid. And hung like a small horse. Of peasant stock, he was raised in an orphanage until the age of twelve. Then, upon his twentieth effort at running away, the officials simply stopped



looking for him. He took to the streets and had sold his body for food and/or lodging since. Finally he went to work at the house and enjoyed dominating the other boys. Q represented a threat to his position, because of his size and strength. However, upon discovering Q's docile nature everywhere but on the playground, he simply included Q in his list of subjects. Especially did he include Q.

One game of kickball ended with Q being taken into the bushes of the large park and stripped. Then the boys took turns gang-fucking him. He had beaten them badly with his playing and now it was their turn to best him.

"Raise your ass, boy. Don't make me have to squat." It was Jacques. He was using terms that his customers used on him. The bruises and welts on Q's tight buttocks had healed and his skin had taken on a healthy tan. He still wore his neck chain and ankle bracelet, and his hair was growing out to a little longer than a crew cut.

Q stayed on his hands and knees until the last of the boys was finished with him. As that boy pulled his softening prick out, Jacques began to urinate on the bent-over Q. Most of the boys followed suit and Q was dripping wet and kneeling in a puddle of muddy urine.

"Lay on your belly, cocksucker."

Q spread out his arms and legs and lay in the mud. Jacques and the others took turns waling across his back and legs. One even stepped on his head. When they were through and allowed him to get up, his front was covered with mud, his backside with muddy footprints. He was told to put on his clothes and they walked back to the house, laughing and making fun. Q didn't know whether to laugh with them at his own plight or not. At least he was included, just as he had been in the ball game.

The head of the house sent Q off to the showers with a stiff brush and Jacques went along "to help." Both boys came out clean and Q emerged shining pink. They hurried back to their rooms and waited for the night's work to begin.

Q's collar and ankle ring were a curiosity with his customers. The word spread and the men who enjoyed such things began to patronize the place and request Q. The sounds that came from the bedroom were chilling to the other occupants of the house. Moans and cries of pain became commonplace.

One morning a doctor had to be called to look at Q's sprained rib cage. This upset the owners; not so much for the injury, but rather the fact that valuable property was being put out of working order. The man who had been overly enthusiastic with Q that evening paid for the medical expenses, but there was no income from his room while he was laid up.

During Q's recuperation a few of the boys looked in on him. It was about the first act of compassion the boy had ever



known. He didn't realize that part of their concern was that it could have happened to them. Jacques came to look at the injury, which was covered with bandages, then felt it, watching Q wince. He continued to explore and soon his hand reached Q's genitals. Then he poked a finger in his asshole. Q couldn't have moved anyway, but he submitted to Jacques' fingers, then his fist without a word. Jacques reached down to his fly and unbuttoned it, taking out his big organ. He got up on the bed, his hand still inside Q, and rubbed his crotch in Q's face.

"Suck it, cocksucker." Q sucked.

After the full load had been dumped in his mouth and he had swallowed it, Q watched Jacques fasten his pants and he felt the hand being pulled out of his ass. He said nothing. But as Jacques opened the door, Q spoke the first word.

"Thank you, Jacques, for coming to see me."

Jacques turned. Hardened by years of taking abuse, belonging to no one and having nothing belonging to him, he was hardly prepared for such a statement. He had come to lord it over this boy, who was in even a worse position than he. He had abused and hurt him and the boy had expected it. The boy was even grateful.

Jacques walked to the bed and did an even stranger thing. He bent over and kissed Q on the mouth. His eyes were misty as he walked out. He had trouble seeing, and swallowing. He closed the door and went to his own room. Then he did the strangest thing of all. He wept. All the tears that had welled up for such a long time flowed soundlessly. Little boy tears mingled with man's tears.

Q wept also. No one had ever kissed him like that before. Men had slobbered over him in this room almost every night. His mother had kissed him a few times as a small boy, but there were too many others born later and he had become an embarrassment to her. It was more than he could take, he who had taken so much in his young life. Later, when one of the owners came in and saw the swollen eyes and the wet pillow, he misinterpreted the tears and had the doctor come by.

Q's young body mended fast and in a week or two he was back in the park running with the others. There seemed to be a bit more camaraderie now, although there was still a bit of traffic to his room in the small hours. Jacques did not come back for some time. He seemed to avoid Q. There had been no recurrence of the scene during Q's convalescence.

Then, one night after everyone was in bed—to sleep—Q's door opened and Jacques entered. Wordlessly he knelt down beside the bed and took Q's hand and brought it up to his lips, then laid it back down. He pulled the covers back to Q's knees. Still without a sound, he put his face on Q's belly and Q's cock in his mouth. There, he had done it—the thing



he had wanted to avoid for so long. He had humbled himself before this boy whom he had humbled so many times. His celebrated cock was the featured player of the house. He did not suck (not often, anyway) nor bend over to be used like a woman. And here he was on his knees with his mouth and face full of Q.

The symbolism was not wasted on Q. He still treasured the kiss of weeks ago. Now this. He might be the property of the owners of the house, but his spirit was Jacques', now and always. His masters owned only his body. As for Jacques, he who had never owned anything now possessed another soul—without even knowing he had one himself. Though it was completely forbidden, he crawled into bed with Q and they slept in one another's arms. Before dawn, Jacques made Q go down on him. Q went even further down than instructions warranted. He began with Jacques' short, wide feet and licked the toes, the ankles, legs, ass, balls, then the big, straining cock. He belonged to Jacques, no matter what his papers read. He was Jacques', body and soul, and he wanted the matter made clear to Jacques.

Less than twenty-four hours after his arrival, Q was taken to the library when dinner was over to serve coffee and to care for the fire. A valet approached him. "Did Pierre whip you last night?" Q nodded. "You must show me the marks then." Q raised his tunic; his buttocks, his thighs and his stocky legs bore signs of the original whipping by the masters, but the five welts which Pierre had given him stood out black and blue. At that moment two masters entered and the valet went out. Q thought he recognized the voice of the one who had raped him the evening before who had suggested that access to Q's firm ass be rendered more easy. Q poured the coffee and another slave served it. Q stole a glance at the master. He was thin, young and blond, with the air of an Englishman. When he spoke again, Q had no further doubts that it was indeed he. They both sat smoking tranquilly as if the slaves were not there. At the end of an hour the blond man suddenly called Johnnie and then Lawrence. He told them to bring the hassock—the one on which Q had been stretched the last evening. Lawrence awaited no further orders. He knelt, laid his chest down on the hassock, swept his tunic up over his waist—exposing his plump buttocks—and grasped the edges of the hassock. Then the master made Johnnie lift his tunic. He did not move. Johnnie was then ordered in the most brutal terms to undo the master's clothes and take into his hands that hunk of flesh, which had at least twice transfixed Q. Q watched as those same slender hands parted Lawrence's cheeks, and into the opening between them, slowly and with little shakes which made the slave moan, he

sank himself.

The other master was surveying the scene without a word when he signaled towards Q: "Is he yours?"

"Yes," Jacques answered.

"Jacques is right," said the other. "He is too tight. He will have to be enlarged."

"Though not too much," Jacques said.

"As you like," said the other, rising.

"You're a better judge of that than I." He rang for the servant.

For the next eight days, between nightfall, when his services in the library were over, and the time when he was taken back to the library—usually eight, nine or ten, Q, chained and wearing his red cape, also wore in the center of his buttocks a stem of ebony shaped like a hardened prick fixed by three small chains attached to a leather belt around his haunches. It was affixed to his anus in such a fashion that interior movement of his muscles could not repel it.

One chain followed the crease of his buttocks, the other two the creases of his thighs at the edges of his belly's triangle. Jacques rang for the servant, in order that a coffer be brought; one compartment contained an assortment of small chains and belts, the other contained a choice of stems, ranging from the thinnest to the thickest. They were all flared at the base making it impossible for them to slip up the slave's ass. All would effectively dilate the ring of flesh making up the sphincter muscle.

Q was thus distended further each day, since each day Rene made him kneel or prostrate himself so that he was forced to survey the fitting, which was done by Johnnie or Lawrence. Each day Rene would choose a larger stem. At dinner, which the slaves took together in the refectory after their baths, nude and made up, all could see that Q still wore it because of the chains and the belt. It was not removed until the moment when the valet Pierre came to chain him—either to the wall if there was no call for him, or with his hands behind his back if he was to be taken to the library.

Thus the passage was rapidly being rendered more facile. At the end of eight days no further instrument was necessary, and his lover told Q that he was happy that he was so conveniently and doubly serviceable and that he would see to it that he remained so. At the same time he advised Q that he was leaving and that he would see him again only after a week or two, which Q must spend in the chateau without seeing him. Sometime later he would return and take Q back to Paris.

"But remember that I love you," Jacques added. "I love you; don't forget me." How could Q forget him? His was the hand that blindfolded him and tied his hands behind his back for the first time. He was the whip of Pierre, the chain over his bed, and the unknown mouth that bit his belly. All the voices that gave him orders were Jacques' voice. By dint of

being outraged he was becoming accustomed to outrages; by dint of being whipped, to the whip. All these spelled one name—Jacques.

One would think that a frightful satiation of pain and lust would have pushed him, little by little, to the banks of insensibility. But just the opposite was true. The cock-belt which desensitized his member, the chains which kept him subjected, the silence, his cell, were perhaps there for some purpose, as was the constant exhibition of boys in slavery like him, and of their constantly accessible bodies. Each day with saliva and sperm, with sweat mixed in with his own sweat, he was ritualistically soiled, he felt himself literally to be the impure vessel, the sewer of filth described in the Scriptures. His mouth closed about anonymous organs, his teats were fondled, and he bore up his anus as an open route to pleasure. He gained an ironic dignity from being prostituted—it was out of that dignity that he acted, even though it would backfire on him in the end.

When Jacques told him he was leaving, night had already fallen. Q was nude in his cell, waiting for them to come and take him to the refectory. His lover was dressed in a suit which he usually wore in the city. When he took him in his arms, the tweed of his suit chafed the tips of Q's nipples. He kissed him, lay him on the bed, laid next to him, and tenderly, lovingly, slowly took him, going and coming up that enlarged passage, finally to spill himself over in Q's mouth, which he kissed afterwards.

"Before leaving, I am going to have you whipped. Call Pierre."

With the chain that hung over the bed, Pierre suspended Q by the ankles, high enough so that he rested on his shoulders, face to the wall. His hands were joined behind his back, the ankles being tugged most painfully. Jacques stepped down from the bed and signalled Pierre to begin. He watched Q struggle vainly, each struggle producing more pain in his feet, as they were by now deprived of any blood circulation, and were turning blue. Q's moans became screams. He wondered which was worse the whipping or the pain in his feet?

Q's tears overflowed. Jacques sent Pierre away, knelt on the floor, kissed Q's drenched face, his gasping mouth, then left, leaving him in that suspended position until morning. □

To celebrate the reissue of STORY OF 'Q', Alternate Publishing is offering signed copies at the original cover price of \$10. Request it signed when ordering from Alternate Publishing, 964 Folsom, San Francisco CA 94107.



DRUMSTICKS

Initiation Night

(Inspired by "Knights Templar Initiation," Drummer 71)

Outside the darkness evolves
 Inside
 Smirking walls covered with tools of love
 Slow, curling candle smoke
 A hint of ozone?
 Captured dogs whimper in metal caves
 Strong, loving hands shape this night
 Strung out on the wooden slab, a legal pup,
 To some things tonight, virginal
 Hot, liquid kisses drop and hiss
 Yellow recyclings arc onto thirsty tongues
 Silver slivers slice into receptive flesh
 The Knights' initiation night
 Yes

—Auggie Camelli



"But she has to sleep between us. Sweetheart
 she's my wife!"



"Don't worry about a thing me darlin', they're just cold sores."

The Conquering Strength

by Roy F. Wood

Occasionally he would reach around and jerk me off. Not often—but I never complained. Most times, the stimulation of his hands was never needed. His preferred method, after we'd finished the preliminaries, was to climb atop me, riding my ass hard, plunging himself deep within me, as if consciously forcing my sperm from me by the very power of the pain he inflicted. And, as in all he set out to do, he succeeded. Magnificently so. My flesh responded to his body's union with mine in the same fashion my soul yearned for union with his spirit. His discipline, his control of me, his novel means of making my pain exquisite—wedded me to him. Even he, at first, did not comprehend the totality of his artful domination of me. Yet when that realization hit him, he was eager to exploit his control. As he did so, we learned the depths of the abyss into which we would descend—as well as the peaks our journey embraced. Trembling on the razor-sharp edge of extinction of self, we each hesitated briefly, then soared! Into a black, fearful midnight of the soul! Complete depravity! Possibly. Who is to say? I only know that those moments—when the darkness was pierced by flashes of fire, the pain of my subjugation to him—were the only moments when I have truly lived!

The villa was everything my host, Jose Torrez, had promised. Overlooking an azure sea, it gleamed like a jewel in the sun—a goddess of innocence, poised to leap into the waters below rather than be violated by some mere mortal.

I was surprised to find myself occupying the place. Other than

the fact we both were wealthy, Jose and I had nothing in common. Our paths had crossed at a prestigious eastern University. He was your typical Latin fascist; I, an eternal hedonist. Being gay, I always expected to incur the disdain of the Joses of the world. In his case I probably did; he never spoke more than ten words to me that I can recall.

So—to say I was surprised when he turned up at my New York apartment and urged me to accept an invitation to vacation at his villa would be an understatement.

Jose vaguely waved aside my puzzlement.

"Times change," he acknowledged reluctantly. "Standards are... rearranged. A wise man accepts this."

Only curiosity prompted me to accept his offer. Jose was a leading military leader of his small, strategically-placed country. There *had* to be more behind his sudden affability.

So here I was. Plenty of sun, sand and sea. Peace and quiet. I found I was enjoying all of it. I'd begun to tire of my fast-paced, rather vacuous life. Probably, I was ready to fall in love, but in my crowd, *nobody* fell in love! Besides, I always wondered if the current trick was interested in me or my money—not that I'm all that bad. Money has advantages—and my body has never been my weak point. I've kept it in fine condition.

The villa was pure perfection. There were parts of it I'd still not explored. Wasn't interested, really. Neither Jose, nor anyone else was around. Two servants were back in their quarters, but the man was dumb and his wife knew no English. I was on my own.

Into my third day already. I'd been down the steep stairs to the

sea, taken a swim and returned to the patio to sun.

Beautiful!

Lying back, feeling the warmth, growing aroused simply from the invisible fingers of the sun... I was almost asleep.

"Senior Rex?"

I started and opened my eyes.

Standing not far from me was a man in military garb. He was intensely Latin. Dark skin, hair black and close-cropped. There was nothing "pretty" about him: his attractiveness stemmed from other sources. His uniform fit like a second skin. I could see his face mirrored in his boots and observed, irrationally, that he was carrying some sort of lariat or whip. Since when were whips part of a uniform? Well, I shrugged mentally, this wasn't the States.

He introduced himself.

"I am Manuel Torrez, Jose's younger brother. In spite of the fact that he promised you solitude, he insisted I stop by and see that... you have everything you need."

Everything but you, I thought, but verbalized the more acceptable notion that, yes, I was quite satisfied.

We spoke a few moments... inconsequential matters. Since I was half-hard from the sun I would have been embarrassed were it not for the fact that Manuel himself showed such a box I was forced to wonder about his level of interest. My attention was jerked back to the conversation...

"...to join you for supper tonight, with your permission. I do not wish to intrude."

"I would welcome the company," I acknowledged.

Our eyes met then. In spite of the warmth, I shivered. He noticed and held my glance, commanding me to meet his stare and defy him. When I looked away, uncomfortable, the corners of his mouth turned up with a hint of a smile containing no humor.

After he left, as silently as he'd arrived, I grew annoyed with myself. My tastes in men had always run to dark-skinned, macho types. I couldn't believe Jose Torrez would have cared enough to uncover that fact. All the same, his brother Manuel was clearly exquisite... unsettling. Was Manuel the reason for Jose's invitation? It was very puzzling.

We dined late; wine was served, but Manuel drank it sparingly. The servants cleared the table and disappeared. I found myself upstairs, sitting on a balcony watching the sky. The villa was miles from anywhere; the rural darkness intensified the sharpness of the stars. Manuel stood nearby, a dark shape outlined against the line of hills in the distance.

"My brother tells me you like men; prefer men for sex?" He asked the question like a technician.

I'd had just enough wine so as not to mind the inquiry.

"Yes, I do."

"Is that not contradictory," he asked, "pretending those who allow you to use them are real men? I do not believe a man would submit, willingly, to such advances."

I was annoyed. Typical Latin attitude.

"You'd be surprised," was my conciliatory answer.

"Do you let men use you?" he asked, the iron tone back in his voice.

"Certainly," I responded; then, boldly, "Why? You interested?"

He laughed then. The sound made my blood freeze.

"No, amigo. I would not defile myself with one who is so easy."

"Oh? So if I said 'no,' then you'd be interested?"

"I would be 'interested' only in a man who is mine, completely mine. My cock will never slide between the thighs of a whore—of one who is mentally flaccid."

"I haven't the foggiest notion of what the hell you're talking about."

"Do you want to find out?" he asked.

"Not especially," I replied. I might have had too much wine; he was crazy without having drunk anything!

"If you change your mind," he snapped, his voice harsh and guttural, "meet us tomorrow at the barracks!" He turned and

was gone.

I'd angered him. Odd. As I prepared for bed I wondered, dimly, who the hell "us" referred to, and where (or what) the "barracks" might be.

When I awoke the sun was high. I remembered Manuel's words. After coffee, I quizzed the woman in the kitchen, who seemed to understand when I mentioned the word "barracks," and pointed me down a worn, rocky path.

The trail wound, twisted and seemed to lead nowhere. I must have walked two or three miles and was about to turn back when I was startled by two men leaping at me from behind some rocks. They both carried weapons and gestured with them wildly.

I figured I'd best accompany them.

They led me into an area which could only be a military compound.

Manuel was standing off at one end of the grounds, looking cool and aloof. He was apparently conducting some sort of drill exercise. When he saw me and my two guards, he motioned us to approach him.

"You decided to come." He greeted me without humor, without warmth. I might have been a recruit myself.

"It appears I did," I said tersely.

He continued drilling the men. I glanced about, surprised at seeing such an elaborate military operation where, as far as I could tell, one should not be. Could the Torrez brothers be up to something? And if they were, why in the world should they have allowed me to breach their security?

Suddenly a shout from Manuel drew my attention. One of his men had displeased him. The sweating culprit approached Manuel. Fearful? Eager? When the man was about a dozen feet away, Manuel barked an order.

To my horror, the man dropped to his knees, his head bowing down until it rested on the rocky ground. Manuel uncoiled his whip and calmly lashed the soldier's back. I was disgusted and turned to leave.

"Stop!" Manuel commanded. "You will leave when I say you may!"

"Is that a fact?" My eyes held his. My anger made me bold. "You may enjoy this fascist exhibition; I don't!"

"Ah, I forget... you are weak—"

"There's nothing weak about disliking violence!" I told him. I think at that moment I hated him. Physically, he was an exceptional man... but the rest of him?

"Discipline is not violence," Manuel contradicted me arrogantly. Turning back to the man on the ground, he uttered a word which ignited the fellow into a painful crawl across the rocky ground until he knelt before the imposing figure of Manuel Torrez. Then, almost like an acolyte, the kneeling figure began licking his Commander's boot.

"That's disgusting!" I exclaimed, certain now that I was viewing total depravity.

"Is it?" Manuel spoke softly. I could barely hear him. Then he addressed his man on the ground. The soldier leaped to his feet and stood at attention. Manuel talked to the man quietly for a moment; then, on command, the soldier raced back to his position in the ranks.

Manuel turned to me.

"You see, he does not object to discipline. He is a good soldier."

There was something in his voice I couldn't fathom.

"I respect only disciplined men," Manuel added.

I shrugged my shoulders. "You military types are all excessive." There was a lot more I would have enjoyed saying, but I figured I might better hold my tongue.

"I will see you tonight," Manuel informed me abruptly. "You may leave."

I left.

The troops who'd stopped me led me back to the path, pointed me in the direction of the villa and vanished. They appeared not to care for me much. Both were well-built and attractive, but for once my mind wasn't on physical attributes.

The visit to the military compound bothered me—on several

levels. I didn't like the implication of having viewed something better left unseen. Even less I liked the implications Manuel Torrez seemed to be throwing my way. I'd never believed pain was necessary for sex; as a consequence, I'd never participated in those sorts of games.

At the same time it hit me forcefully that I would like to have Manuel fuck me. If the price were not too high... After all, he had to be a madman...

At dinner that evening, I made sure I consumed a hell of a lot less wine than I had the night before. Manuel needed watching.

The fact didn't escape him. Nothing did.

"You do not trust me?" he asked, after we'd retired to the balcony.

"No. Should I?"

"You are still here."

"Could I leave? Even if I wanted to?"

Manuel gestured impatiently. "But of course. My brother promised you safety."

"I wondered if you remembered that," I said drily.

"Do you wish to leave? To flee like a coward..." He came close to me now, looming in front of me, blocking out the starlit sky. I could feel his body heat.

Sighing, I said, "Dammit, what I want is you; but not—"

Manuel's hand fell on my shoulder. He gripped me with a strength I found unendurable. I almost knocked his hand away. His arrogance angered me. Every ounce of common sense I possessed screamed at me to get the hell out of here...

Yet there was something so commanding about his presence...

His hand, his arm... close enough to my face I could smell his sweat... I wanted him...

Suddenly his hand left my shoulder and blasted across my face, slapping me with a violence I'd never experienced before.

All the pent-up anger I felt for him erupted in me and I went for him.

We didn't fight, however; merely wrestled. Later, I thought this strange, but not during the heat of our struggle. My muscles strained against his in an unfair battle. I think he found me stronger than he'd anticipated, his breathing increased. His greater conditioning gave him every advantage, however, and before long he had forced me to kneel before him, his hand holding my arm in back of me.

I was subdued but not dominated.

"Bastard!" I muttered. "Fascist!"

He shoved me then, sending me sprawling across the floor. I leaped to my feet and faced him.

"That all you can do? Play rough—"

He slapped me again.

And I stood there! Torn between anger and desire.

His hands gripped my shoulders and he slowly forced me to my knees. And I allowed him to do it.

Where—and when—did I begin losing my control?

Was it here?

Was it while I was kneeling in front of him with those magnificent hands pressed into my flesh—nothing sexual—simply the pressure of his strength that I began succumbing to his power?

"Now, Rex"—I could barely hear him—"having scuffed them, you will lick my boots as is proper."

"Like hell I will!"

His hands left my shoulders. One gripped my chin and raised my face. It was dark, I couldn't see his face, but I didn't need to. I could feel his eyes, stabbing into mine. Across my back, I felt his whip, as he played with the leather strip.

"You will lick my boots, or I will use this whip..."

"You wouldn't dare!" I spoke harshly, suddenly fearful he would dare.

He made no reply. Simply stood there, waiting for me to degrade myself by performing his absurd request.

I trembled—but did nothing!

And... after a few moments, he abruptly stalked out of the room, leaving me on the floor, kneeling in front of a void...

I spent hours that night trying to resolve in my own confused mind just what the hell was going on. My senses, such as they

were, screamed at me to flee, leave this place of deceptive beauty; deceptive quiet. Beauty which was ruined by some grotesque military scheme, one I wanted no part of. Quiet? My personal calm had long since fled, vanishing the moment I'd set eyes on Manuel.

Wanting Manuel made me like those offbeat Christian sects that insist on handling poisonous snakes. He was just as dangerous; and the rewards in becoming involved with him seemed just as nebulous.

He would never love me. I wasn't even sure he'd have sex with me. Was all this business a preliminary to sex? I had no idea.

Yet, lying in my large, lonely bed, I still wanted the bastard.

There was a demonic strength exuding from him, like an odor, or the song of a siren... engulfing me, dragging me closer and closer to a place I'd never been before. I was frightened.

It hit me then. That was his allure! He wasn't afraid. I was never more certain of anything in my life than I was of the fact that nothing in this world or the next would bother Manuel Torrez.

As I drifted into a troubled sleep, the thought lodged in mind: what difference would it make, doing what he asked? After all, it was simply a game. Wasn't it?

Two days passed. They were the longest forty-eight hours I've ever spent, especially when Manuel did not return the evening following our encounter. During the second day I was alternately anxious and angry, deciding one moment I'd never do the type of things he wanted, then just as quickly rationalizing any degrading act which might win me his approval.

I had finished eating and was on the balcony outside my bedroom, nervous, pacing, unable to enjoy the panoramic view, when suddenly he was there. Noiseless as a cat. We stared across the expanse of balcony for a long moment before I slowly approached him.

There was no discernable light, yet his eyes shone as if his soul were bursting with fire. They bore into me, haughty and cold.

"On your knees," he commanded me.

No greeting, no warmth, only a command!

I wavered, wanting to disobey him, wanting to laugh at the foolishness of the scenario; but I didn't.

Instead, I knelt before him.

I've never been religious, but positioned there in front of him, something happened. I could feel strength pouring out of him, surrounding me, probing, attacking my weaknesses, accusing me of unworthiness...

He circled me, until he stood facing my back.

I could hear the whip cut the air before it descended.

The pain was startling. It was pain, yet... I uttered no cry. Somewhere inside me, I was protesting, but a larger part of me was embracing the pain, engulfing it, translating it into something else because it was his hand on the whip, because I wanted his approval.

He hit me five times in all. Then he approached me, placed his booted foot into my back and shoved me against the floor. As I lay there, he removed his foot, walked in front of me, put his boot beneath my chin and raised me to my knees again.

"Now lick my boot, swine!"

I licked his fucking boot. My mind rebelled—but not strongly enough. My emotions were in turmoil, but overriding everything was my desire: not desire of the flesh—I suspected he would never let me touch his body. I was too unworthy. No, my desire now was simply to obey him. To convince him in some small way that his strength was my god, unattainable, distant, yet worthy of my striving...

"That is better," he said at last. "Are you willing to do whatever I ask of you? Without whining and complaining? I have no time for your whimperings!"

"Yes," I whispered, "yes, Sir!" I was filled with the dreadful knowledge that by some metamorphosis I had reached a point where rebellion was useless.

At my assent he took his whip in both hands, placing it across the back of my neck.

"Unbutton my pants, carefully! I do not wish them wrinkled."

As my hands reached to perform the act, he crossed the whip around my throat, briefly choking me.

"You will take my urine, fool—" Manuel tightened the whip, "—and if you spill one drop, I will destroy you!" He loosened the whip from my neck. I continued obeying him.

I had never done anything so perverted before; but now I was on an entirely different level of existence. My old standards—as far as Manuel was concerned—were dead. I carefully unzipped his pants and eased them down his thighs. The feel of his flesh beneath my hands was the goading spur needed to bend me to his will. Perhaps he suspected this and allowed me to touch him. I took his cock in my mouth and when the warm stream of piss commenced to fill my throat, I accepted it as his gift.

When he finished pissing, he allowed me to continue holding his cock in my mouth. I began tentatively moving my tongue around his growing shaft, longing to become familiar with every inch of it, wanting to feel its veins enlarging, throbbing with the blood flowing to engorge his flesh. My hands rested on his legs as my mouth worked on his cock. I desperately wanted him to fuck me, but I knew I must accommodate his desires...

As he neared climax he pumped my mouth hard and deep. All I could think of was how much I wanted him, wanted his come gushing down my throat—and when he came I felt spasms race down his legs, rack his body...

I assumed we were finished for the evening. Instead, he raised me to my feet and spun me in the direction of the bed.

"Undress. Then lie on your stomach, arms and feet apart."

Once more, I obeyed him.

I was unprepared for his onslaught. He stepped out of his pants and jerked off his belt and attacked my ass with it, whipping me, forcing from me inadvertent cries of pain—and before the stinging of his lashes receded, he was atop me, with the belt around my neck, a reminder that I was his captive.

That first time he plunged his large, heavy cock into my ass created a sensation within me which erased whatever reason I yet retained. He was the man I'd searched for—and we both knew it. The pain he had inflicted with his belt was swept away by his shaft of cockmeat piercing me, by the balm of his sweat, by the action of his hands upon my body as, for the first time, he allowed himself to use me. I came while he was fucking me; he shot a second load then, and gradually we grew quiet. He removed the belt from my neck and rolled me onto my side. Feeling where I had come, he grunted, apparently with satisfaction, and held me.

It was a gesture I had not dared to expect. His heartbeat subsided at last. His hand moved carelessly across my stomach to my chest, where he pinched my tits with the accustomed roughness I expected.

"Now you know," he whispered in my ear, "the pleasure you may anticipate if you obey me!"

"Yes, Sir."

We lay still.

"Yet you do not trust me," Manuel spoke the words flatly.

"Yes..." I hesitated. Did I trust him? I don't know. I was too confused, too dazed to be sure.

"You must grow to trust me," he said. "Your training is only beginning. I will make you mine—or you will die. Because you will not want to live without me."

He disengaged himself from me and leaped off the bed.

After showering, he returned and climbed back into his uniform. I could see his shape in the darkness. Indistinct, formless, a myth? A devil from hades? I could smell him, yearn for him, do everything but understand him.

"I will be back," he told me. "You must learn to trust me, to obey me completely! I do not expect to bargain with you in the future. You must reach the point in your mind where you cease to exist except as I permit you to do so. And in return, you will gain, Rex. You will gain my power, you will learn not to be afraid. Even when I am not with you in the flesh, my strength will flood you, control you...as I do now when I am with you."

He walked over to the bed, cupped my chin in his hand and stared at me in the darkness.

"We will continue this," he promised, before disappearing.

Continue we did .

The next two months found me slowly, inexorably allowing Manuel more and more control of me. At first I submitted only my body to him, keeping intact a part of me which viewed what he did to me with revulsion. Yet the more I allowed him to abuse my body, the more I permitted him to make me into a vessel he could use at will, the more my mind acquiesced to his demands and the more I grew...to trust him. Not trust based on a rational understanding, but trust based on my need of him—and the things he did to me. The more he physically hurt me, the more I needed pain from him.

One night he arrived at dusk, leading two men. There were huge, splendid specimens of maleness. They walked behind him like oriental wives, respectful, alert. I sensed something different in the air.

He entered my bedroom with his companions.

"Take him!" he ordered.

The pair grabbed my arms with viselike grips and half-dragged, half-carried me to him. At a signal, they flung me at his feet. I knelt there, a respectful distance from his gleaming boots.

"My companions," he said softly, "have long been separated from their women and need release. Tonight, you will submit to them."

Was this the same man who had once criticized me for drifting from man to man? I was about to protest—until I remembered who was speaking.

"If that is what you want of me, Sir!"

"It is."

With no understanding of Manuel's motives, I allowed his companions to do with me whatever they wished. Their desires were basic—offering me large, swollen cocks to mouth before turning me around and fucking my ass with animal passion, but no finesse. To my astonishment, I found I was unmoved. Months earlier, I would have drooled over men like these. Now they could not even get me hard.

Was this what Manuel wanted to know?

The pair washed, then returned and rejoined us. In their absence Manuel and I had not spoken. He did not enjoy having me speak without having authorized it. They came over to me and grabbed me again.

Manuel lit a small lamp and approached the three of us.

"You have done well—thus far. Now, tonight, I will see if you are indeed mine. Tonight I will see how deep your trust of me flows."

As he spoke, he drew a knife from his belt. The blade was twelve inches long. I eyed it, and him, but remained mute. Knives have always frightened me. This one frightened me now.

Yet...in Manuel's hands I was safe. In any case, he was my master. Without him I was no longer a man. My life, my manhood, my soul; all belonged to him.

"You will allow me to use this weapon as I see fit," he told me. "And if you flinch, if you show fear, most of all, if you jerk about or struggle, you will find the knife has penetrated some vital part. Not because I wish it—but because your cowardly flinching will have destroyed you!"

I looked at him then. I took his eyes, his glance of disdain and offered him my life. To my astonishment, he took it, tilting me with his courage, his strength and his fearlessness.

We both felt our union.

He touched my body with the cold steel blade and I never moved.

He slid the blade beneath my flaccid cock, like a surgeon examining it, before allowing it to slide off the back of the weapon, unharmed. When he swiftly and deftly nicked my flesh, I never stirred. Our minds and souls joined our bodies—every cut he placed upon me was echoing in his flesh, too.

Finally, he placed the blade against my throat...

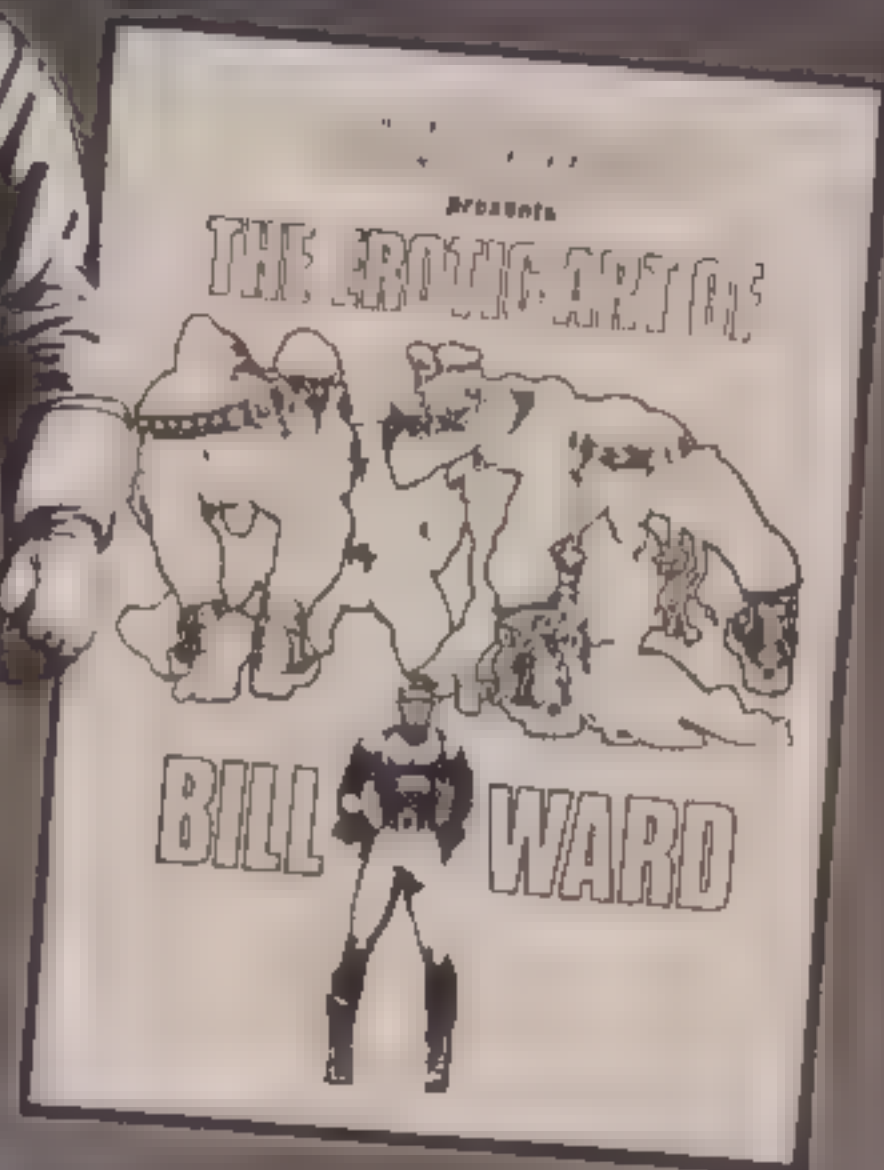
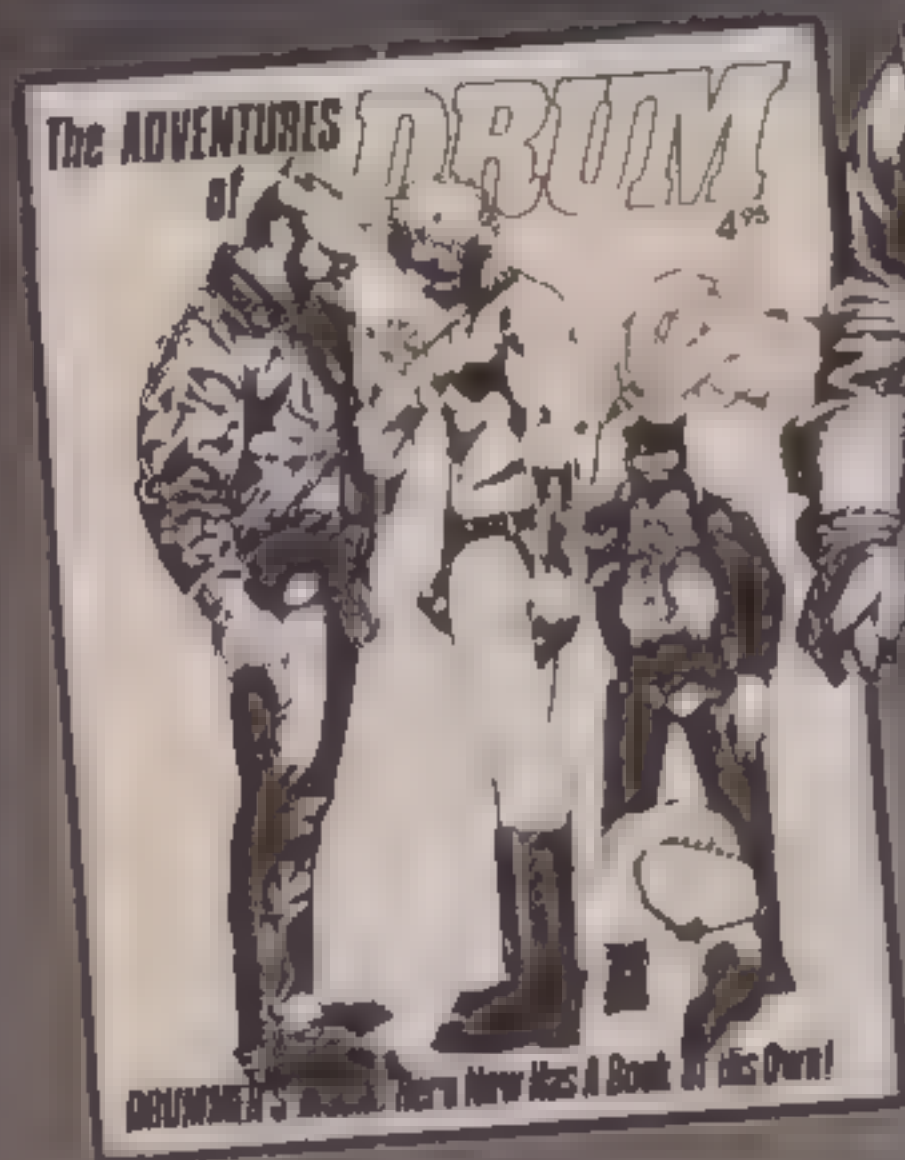
"You must trust me...now! Now is forever!"

His words, and the blade biting into my neck, blasted into my brain with terror and fear which made me almost jerk my head around.

But somehow I did not. I obeyed him. I loved him and would die for him if that were what he wanted.

I felt my blood slowly flow. It wasn't gushing—I had no idea if I

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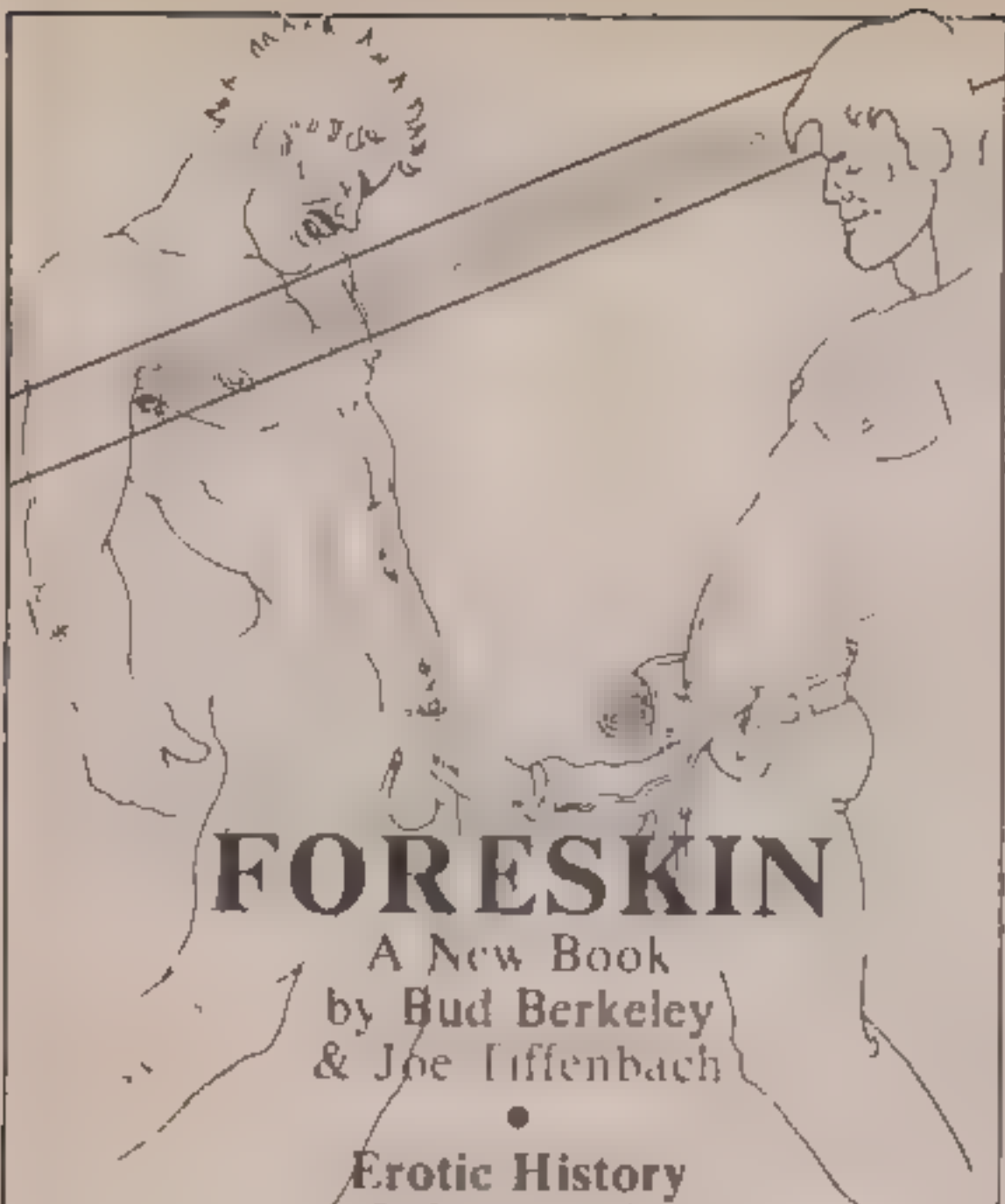
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were dangerously injured or not. I only knew I could feel the warm, sticky life-substance inch its way down my neck, down the cleft of my chest, down towards my pubic hair.

Manuel took his knife and tossed it. From the room, from the balcony, and into the sea, far, far below us.

Then, with his friends still holding me, he knelt before me, his mouth brushing my cock, his hot breath touching me, his tongue carefully taking my blood as it dripped down my body... he sucked each drop, working his way upwards to the wound on my neck, cleansing it with his saliva, as he cleansed my soul and spirit with his discipline and strength. He brushed his companions away, and moved his mouth from my throat to my lips, kissing me roughly, pushing his tongue into my mouth...

Tentatively, I wrapped my arms around him.

With a nod, he dismissed his friends and led me to the bed. He took the blood from my wound until the bleeding ceased. That night I became his for time and all eternity.

His power and strength guide me... I shall live in his house, serving him all the days of my life...

...Even to the extent that, months later, when we awoke and Manuel commanded I not wear my shirt downstairs, I never questioned his request.

As in all things, I obeyed him.

He picked up the whip, which I'd come to enjoy, and we descended to the den, where to my surprise he put me through several obedience rituals, lashing my back, my ass...

I crawled to him on my knees and bowed my head to the floor.

He spoke then, but not to me.

"Well, Jose? We are ready!"

Jose Torrez stood in the doorway.

"I am impressed," he stated. "But will he do what you ask in other than the... eh... physical realm?"

Manuel placed his boot beneath my chin, allowing me to rise to my knees.

Jose observed us with detached interest.

"Will you obey me," Manuel asked, "in all things, at all times?"

"Yes, Sir, of course!" I could make no other response.

"Good!" Jose snapped the word. "The time has come to depose the corrupt leaders of this nation and replace them with those of us who have the discipline and vision to restrain too generous impulses. We need, have always needed, an influential American to enter Parliament House while it is in session and assist us. You, being above suspicion, will fulfill that role. My brother assures me you will do as he tells you." Jose walked close to me. "Will you?"

At last I knew what Jose wanted. A chill momentarily raced over my body. They were fools. We would all be killed...

Then I felt Manuel's eyes upon me. His power, his strength, his passion, all flowed into me, filling me with expectations of success.

"I will do whatever he asks," I replied with dignity.

Jose laughed. "I am pleased! Once we have succeeded, I shall appoint my Little Brother as representative at the United Nations. Then you and he may both live in New York. I fear, once we succeed, Manuel might become a liability..." Jose exited the room, already walking like a dictator.

I remained kneeling beside Manuel.

Cautiously I reached out and touched his leg. He permitted me the liberty, draping the leather whip over my shoulder in an affection gesture.

In that moment I sensed we would fail. Manuel and I would die in some abortive attempt.

Which would be as it should be. Were we to succeed, he and I would die. Brother Jose would see to that! Manuel and I, alive, would be an embarrassment.

Manuel's code of honor would never allow him to suspect his brother of treachery, just as it would never allow him to reconsider the rightness of his cause.

It was immaterial, anyway.

Manuel had taught me the meaning of discipline and service, of love and loyalty. My love for him, and obedience to him, would make dying for him so very easy... □

the DOOM of the Marquis de Cheval Gris

by Mason Powell

young Marquis de Cheval Gris

white wine and rose water

followed suit, then continued

hapless wanderer they chance upon

only a short time until

provoked further

form. He had dark eyes, with long, straight eyebrows and curly thick lashes. His aquiline nose, his thin red lips and his fine cheekbones were framed perfectly by the white powdered wig he wore. A small beauty patch in the form of a rose called attention to the strength and fineness of his jaw. The lace at his throat was frothy white and served to perfectly set off the natural pallor of his skin, which needed little powder to match the fashion.

His rose-colored velvet coat and rose satin waistcoat were matched by a rose-colored ribbon binding the queue at the nape of his neck.

Had he been less than perfectly beautiful, had his manner been less than exquisite, on that day a month earlier, when he had publicly rebuked me for the cut of my pale green brocade coat, I might not have bothered with such an elaborate revenge. But as he was so lovely. . .

Roger, the other mute, came to take away the dishes and serve the next course: *ortolons* in pear sauce. It has always seemed to me that baby doves, fresh from their shells and sauteed in bitter, were of much too delicate a flavor to deserve the usual garlic sauce. For this reason I had had my chef concoct the pear sauce and I was justly proud of it. I was pleased to see the slight gleam of enjoyment in the young Marquis' eyes as he tasted the dish.

"I am sure you are curious as to why I have asked you to dine with me, Marquis," I said.

"I am indeed, *mon Comte*," he responded. "It is well known that I am only of service to women, so, although I am accounted comely by many of the Court, I would offer little interest to one of your persuasions."

He had put the refusal politely but firmly, and yet managed to make it both charming and insulting at the same time. One could sense the effect he was having on the foolish young women of King Louis' Court and the even more foolish older ones.

"I hope that I do not disappoint you if I say that, with all due respect, it was not your person but your so liberally proffered taste that required me to invite you."

I wished him to know that even though I was ten years older than he, I still had my wits about me. His fine eyebrows rose just slightly. I knew at that moment how much I would enjoy breaking him.

"When you rebuked me for the cut of my coat I was most chagrined, *mon Marquis*," I said. "But when I had got over the first flush of indignity I realized that you were quite right and that the coat was abysmal. I promptly had it destroyed. Now I am at a most crucial aesthetic juncture, and because of my power and position there is no one else to whom I may turn for a judgment."

He was unable to contain the slight smirk of satisfaction at the edges of his pretty lips.

"I have purchased an *epergne*," I continued with mock consternation. "I plan to use it when the King visits my chateau this winter, and I wonder if I might presume upon you to render an opinion on its suitability."

I let my voice die upward, as with a question, and gestured with one hand toward the small table by the wall where the *epergne* was placed.

"My dear *Comte*," he said severely, without even looking. "You must know that the use of an *epergne* in place of real fruit or flowers as a centerpiece is at best an economy suitable only to the tasteless or the impoverished. The new ones, made to hold pickles, have at least the virtue. . ."

I was not sure which had pleased him most, the opportunity to suggest that I was tasteless, or the prospect that I had become impoverished. I did know that what had stopped his speech was the sight of the *epergne* itself when he finally condescended to raise his lovely dark eyes toward it. His eyebrows creased, his mouth even wrinkled a bit in disgust.

I knew, of course, that he would hate it. I had designed it so that he would.

He stood slowly, truly amazed that I would proffer such a thing for his judgment. It was not silver or gold, as such artificial

arrangements usually were, but of majolica, painted in bright colors. It might have been considered attractive by Italian peasants, but for the Court of the Sun King it was hideous. Its form was that of a bowl of divers fruits: apples, pears, pomegranates, and strewn among them bunches of purple and red grapes.

I hoped sincerely that he would not be overcome with apoplexy as he walked slowly across the parquered floor toward it, his expression showing clearly the difficulty he was having choosing quite the correct words of contempt with which to lash me. It was at that moment that the drugs I had put in the escargot took effect. He staggered, turned part-way toward me, then fell unconscious to the floor.

I gesture to the servants to take him, then finished my meal.

My family's dungeons were built in the days of the Spider King. They had never been needed and so, being secret in their construction and forgotten with disuse, I found them most convenient to my desires. They were below the wine cellars, below the root cellars, concealed at one end of the family crypt.

I wafted strong spirit salts under the young Marquis' nose. He choked, gasped, then came awake with much shaking and straining against the chains which now bound him spread-eagled between two stone pillars. His head rolled from side to side, he shook violently, and then he was fully awake, aware of his situation in an instant.

I was glad of his quick responses. I wanted him to comprehend fully everything that I would do.

"I will be traced, *mon Comte*!" he spat out with contempt.

"I think not," I said. "Your proclivity with women is well known. You will recall that I sent my servant to bring you here. On the way you saw a young woman sitting before her cottage. You ordered my servant to leave you there instead, and to bring me word that you had found greater delicacies than my table could afford. The Court will think that quite within the range of your character, *mon Marquis*."

I smiled at him where he hung helpless in my chains.

"The story continues with some verisimilitude. I was furious that you should have insulted me a second time, when I had sought to make amends. I made my servant drive me back to the cottage, fully prepared to challenge you, with pistols or with swords. I was fortunate enough to pass the coach of the Marquise de Bonne Fortune on my way, and related the whole tale to her. I even showed her my pistols and swords!"

I saw the glimmer of hope in his eyes.

"She laughed, and said you deserved whatever I did to you, considering what you had done to her. Tell me, Marquis, what did you do to the Marquise?"

"Nothing that could be of interest to your kind!" he said with poisonous contempt.

I slapped him across the face, hard.

"When I came to the cottage, it was empty. It has, in fact, been empty for many years. I am at a loss to consider who the young woman may have been, or what may have happened to you. I will offer a number of possible explanations to your poor, widowed mother, when I call upon her in some months to offer my condolences. Perhaps it was love, I will say. Perhaps you have eloped with a woman beneath your station. But I am sure the ladies of the Court will be able to find another favorite with a large and willing cock!"

"Then you mean to kill me?" he asked, maintaining his attitude of contempt quite well for one in his position.

I picked up a bucket of cold water and threw it in his face. His wig and clothes were ruined in an instant. His make-up dissolved and began to run down his face. Without a word I picked up a hand mirror and held it before his face. It was very difficult to maintain *hauteur* in such circumstances.

I put the mirror down and picked up a large knife. His body tensed and he closed his eyes, waiting for the stroke.

What a simple young fool!

I put the knife blade to his throat, then turned it and began to cut from his body the fanciful rose-colored velvets and silks. I did it with a savage pleasure such as I could never show at the

Court of the Sun King, rending and tearing the cloth with a force that wrenched his body as well. If I had wished to indulge myself at the Court in so beastial a manner I would have been required to do so with flair and imagination, possibly in public. Here, in my own dungeons, I could indulge myself.

When he was naked, even the boots cut from his feet, I reached up and tore the soggy white wig from his head. He spat in my face as I did so. I went around in back of him to pull the little net and all the pins from his hair. Then I went before him again to wipe the spittle from my face with the remains of his white lace jabbot.

He was a fine specimen of a man. His body was lean and well-muscled; that beautiful leanness of youth. His legs were firm from riding, lightly covered with soft black hair. His arms were strong from fencing, the musculature slightly asymmetrical in that way that is caused by fencing with only one hand. His chest was not yet deep, but the muscles of it were delineated, as were those of his flat stomach. His chest hair had not yet come in, but there was stiff, curly hair in his armpits and around his genitals.

His cock, as rumor had foretold, was large. His balls were also large, like a pair of hairy duck's eggs. The cock, now soft, was six or seven inches in length. I wondered what it would look like when the head slid out of the thick foreskin and erected under my ministrations. More important, I wondered how he would feel as I toyed with his responses and made him completely my creature!

There was only one candle near at hand, leaving most of the large dungeon in darkness. Now I walked to the wall, opposite my captive and lit all the branches of two candelabra, setting the chamber ablaze with light and illuminating a huge painting which hung on the wall opposite him. I had commissioned it expressly for this purpose and M. Watteau had worked feverishly to render one of his unfinished canvases to my liking in the scant month required in order to draw my very large commission. It showed courtiers, men and women, at their pleasant revelry in the country. The figures were small, the sky and trees enormous. Most of the painting was, in fact, occupied by great willow trees and a bright summer sky. As with most of M. Watteau's paintings, one had to examine the figures with more than a cursory glance to discern that their activities were not so innocent as they at first appeared. I knew that in time this vision of his former life would provide the most exquisite part of the Marquis' tortures; although I was sure that his present state of fear would prevent him from noticing, at once, that one of the small figures had been painted to look like him.

"You will live a long life," I said conversationally as I walked back to stand before him. I took the trouble to dust the cuffs of my pale green brocade coat (the one he had felt impelled to criticize, and which had brought him to his current contretemps), just in case he had not noticed that I had put it on. "I will feed you substantially, and see that you are properly exercised. Your body will mature to even more beautiful proportions than it now possesses. But... your will shall become my will, just as your body is now my body. My property, to do with as I wish. I will train you to respond to my every desire, and you will revel in such unspeakable humiliations as you cannot yet imagine."

I put my hand on his thigh and ran it slowly upward, ending the stroke by taking his large balls in my hand and fondling them casually. As I continued to talk to him I began to knead his balls, and then to squeeze them harder and harder.

"It is possible that in time you might forget the outside world and become content with your life here. Forget what it was like to be free and young and handsome. What it was like to have women, the sex of your choice."

I saw him wince as my hand crushed him. I smiled and moved my hand to his big cock. I stroked it downward, then pulled on it, then milked it the way a maid milks a cow. I chose not to draw the foreskin back and reveal the head, but rather to stretch it and pull it, further and further downward, at last pulling it painfully.

"I've had this painting made so that you might not forget those things. So that you might remember always your freedom,

the sky, and your own desires."

I did not expect what I did to excite him. I only wanted him to know, at first, how much I owned him. I slid my hand roughly up his smooth belly, over his chest, and took one of his small, dark nipples between my thumb and forefinger. I tweaked it until it hardened, then twisted it savagely. He sucked in his breath but he did not cry out.

"Someday," I said, "I will grow old and die. If my death is not through your action, then the servants have an order to set you free. You will still be most attractive, for I will want you so. But by that time you will be so completely mine that your life will be worthless to you. In the end you will suffer emptiness until your death. Unless you should decide to end your own life. I would not advise that, however, as the Holy Mother Church tells us that you would then be condemned to that emptiness for all eternity."

I crossed myself and smiled. He did not believe, truly believe, any of what I was saying. I did not expect him to. It was to be my opportunity, my pleasure, to prove to him that my words were true.

Without further comment I sank to my knees and took the end of his beautiful cock into my mouth.

"Filth!" he snarled.

I ran my tongue inside his foreskin, tasting the muskiness of him, tickling the slit at the end of his cock, lubricating the head with my spittle. Then I sucked, drawing the plum of his cock-head out of the foreskin and into my mouth with a suddenness that few men could resist. A slight moan escaped his lips and I felt the first swelling reward my lips. If he had been an old man with slow juices or a dried eunuch, he might have hoped to resist me; but he was a strong young stallion and his body would respond to the pleasure, despite his will!

My father once told me that a hard cock has no conscience. A man whose interest is solely in women may not ejaculate when you suck him, but he will become hard.

Now I worked on him in earnest, sucking his whole cock deep into my throat, sliding it in and out of my mouth, bobbing my head back and forth and occasionally swallowing him so deep that my face rested for a moment against the musky dark patch of his pubic bush. There was no resisting what I did, and helplessly he hardened in my mouth until a full ten inches of thick lovely prick stood wetly at attention before his belly. I let go and stood back, admiring the slight upward curve of his member and enjoying the stalwart stiffness of his face as well.

I went to the door of the dungeon, opened it, and snapped my fingers. Two servants entered, not liveried but in simple cotton small clothes: the same Roger and Rafael who had served me at dinner, the only other people besides myself who knew the whereabouts of the Marquis. They knew that my rewards were worthy of their silence, beyond their muteness.

"The pillar," I said to Roger, closing the door.

Roger went to the shadows and brought forth a small oaken pillar which I had designed to be fitted into a hole in the stone floor, directly before the place where the Marquis hung in chains. When Roger had fitted it into the hole its top was precisely level with the bottom of the Marquis' hard cock.

Fitted to the top of this three-inch-thick pillar was a small contrivance like a gate, and through this I thrust the Marquis' erect member. Pulling him forward by placing my hand on his muscular buttock, I tightened the little gate so that it held his cock securely. Now his balls were tight against the little pillar, his cock was tightly encircled, and seven full inches were still free and forward of him, for me to play with.

On the top of the little gate was a double rod that slid back and forth from either direction. In each part of this double rod was a small metal-lined hole. I took measure of his prick and aligned the little holes so that each was placed a half-inch in from the side of his tool, clear of blood vessels and clear of the urethra as well. I tightened two more screws to hold these rods in place.

Now the Marquis was beginning to show fear. A fine sweat was breaking out on his brow. I smiled.

continued on page 36

DRUMMER 33



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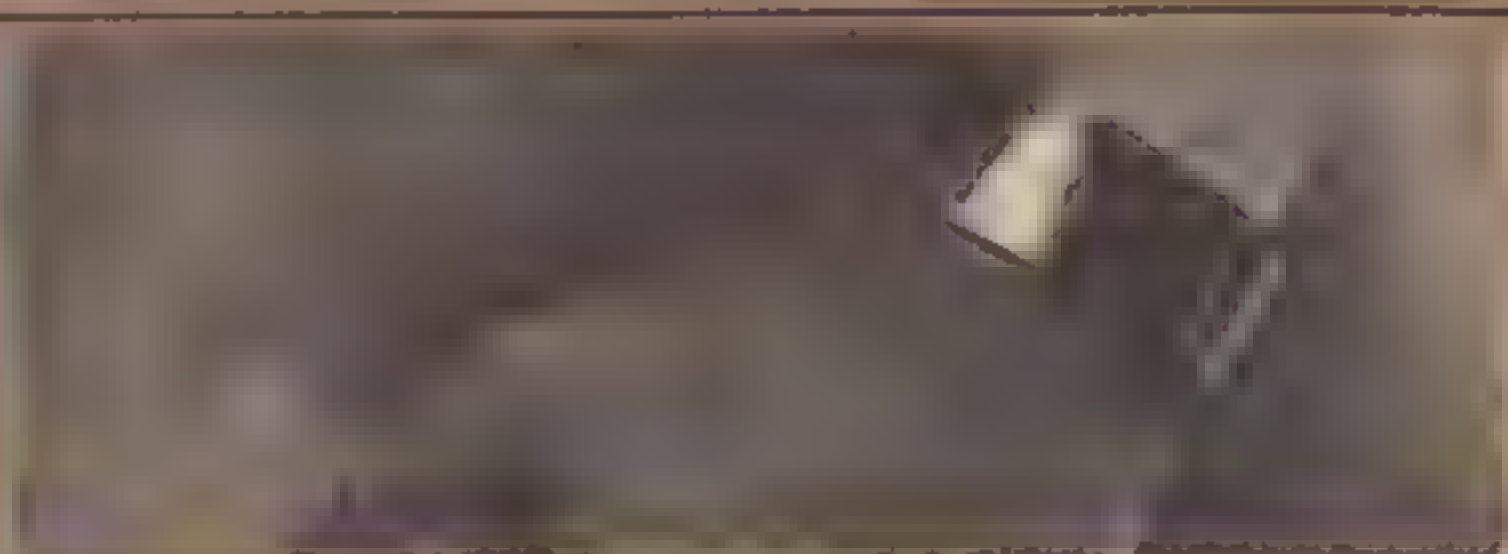
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"Rafael," I said, "suck the Marquis gently. I want him to remain excited, but I do not want him to come until I instruct him to."

Rafael knelt before the captive and took the big cock into his mouth. I knew Rafael's ministrations, and I knew that he would do his job well.

Now I walked around the pillars to the back of the suspended Marquis and ran my hand over the smooth flesh of his well-muscled shoulders. I ran my fingers lightly down the small of his back, then began to toy with the valley between his firm, high buttocks. He tried to thrash in his binding, but there was not much he could do, with his cock so tightly held. I had stretched him taught, but made sure that the shackles on his wrists and ankles were deeply padded with fur so that the restraints would not cut into him.

I slid my finger to his fundament and began to push into the tender rosette. He held it tightly shut, as I knew he would.

I gestured, and Roger brought me a pot of whale oil. I dipped my hand into it and lubricated the entire crack of his ass with it, pushing my finger harder into the hole. I knew that this would prove futile to my purpose, so I nodded, and Roger took down a whip with broad leather lashes such as would not break the skin. I squatted with my finger held still to the hole and nodded. Roger swung the lash and brought it hard against the Marquis' back.

In that moment of pain his muscles all contracted. But after the sudden contraction there was a brief moment of relaxation, and in that moment my finger pushed in. I had the satisfaction of hearing the Marquis grunt with pain for the first time.

The whip swung again and this time I slid in another finger.

With the third stroke of the whip and the third finger thrust into his anus, he screamed.

"For God's sake, no!"

I laughed and moved my fingers from side to side, pleasuring in the feel of his bowel under my control. I pushed down with my fingers on that gland that brings the prick to pleasure, and felt my own hard member throb with delight as he groaned.

"Not today," I said. "But another day, all my fingers, and my thumb, and then my whole hand, and my fist, and even my forearm will violate your rectum, *mon Marquis*! For now be glad that it is in the near future and not the present that you will experience these things. But do not hesitate to look forward to them!"

I nodded to Roger once more, and he opened his trousers to reveal his rather large and very hard weapon. I stood, and Roger positioned himself behind the helpless Marquis. With a smile I slid my fingers out of him. I waited as he gasped and took a breath, then let Roger ram his stiff prick into him with a single thrust.

The Marquis screamed.

"Remember, Roger," I said, walking around the pillars to watch the expression on my captive's face, "fuck him slowly, deeply, and do not come until I tell you that you may."

Roger reached up and grabbed the Marquis' shoulders to brace himself, then began to slide his great tool in and out of the Marquis' ass.

"Now, about my epergne," I said to the Marquis, as if our table talk had never been interrupted. "I have taken the liberty of bringing it down here so that, even though you are so indisposed, you may still render your most valued judgment."

His mouth lolled open and his eyes were glazed, but I knew that he heard and understood me. I walked to the corner and lifted the small table upon which the epergne had been put, and brought it to stand on the floor before him.

"Tell me now," I asked brightly, "what do you think of it?"

I had to admire the fire that flashed in his eyes as they narrowed and gazed on the silly thing. He still had spirit for me to break!

"It's hideous!" he rasped. "It is contemptible! A blasphemy! Your taste is an abortion!"

His words were not polite, I must admit, but they were honest and I admired him for that. Of course, he had never been noted

for his flattery, except to women.

"It is most unusual in a number of ways," I said, as if trying to convince him of its virtue. "I designed it myself, and it is not like other epergnes. It is of a practical design, you see, in that it adds warmth to the room in which it is housed, warming those at the table should the hearth be too far away."

At this I took hold of the ornamental wooden handles affixed to either side and lifted off the entire domed shape of artificial fruit that formed the top. Inside the bowl was revealed a small brazier, a thick bed of charcoal glowing cherry red within it, the surface dusted finely with white ash. I blew upon the charcoal and the color brightened, little sparks rising into the air above it.

I turned the lid of the epergne so that the Marquis could see the inside of the ceramic dome that on the outside was molded like pieces of fruit.

"You will note that the grapes are actually the handles of long steel shafts, rather like needles," I said. "Some are very thin, and some are rather thick. But the tips of all of them reach down inside the epergne and rest in the charcoal, so that they are heated to glow like the coals themselves."

I put the lid back on the epergne so that the little bit of heat it had lost in the demonstration might be restored.

"The needles can be withdrawn through the lid, one at a time. The ceramic grapes are fitted with wood plugs, which actually hole the needles, so that I do not burn my fingers when I use them. What do you think of my little invention?"

The drugs which I had put in the escargot still held some sway over him. Although they lessened the pain of his slow and humiliating rape, they also prevented him from exerting the self-control that he wished for. He was too young and unseasoned to have acquired much bravery. He might have held up in a battle, but really, he was bred to be a courtier, no more than pretty. Tears began to well and spill from his beautiful dark eyes.

"Please..." he whispered.

I stepped close to him, reached up, and brushed the lank dark hair back from his sweat-soaked forehead.

"My poor boy," I whispered tenderly. I placed a kiss on two of my fingers, then transferred it to his dry lips. I bent my head and began to lick his right nipple, pleased with the salty taste of the sweat that now covered his body, excited by the rank smell of fear that exuded from his dripping armpits.

I licked his nipple, then I sucked. I nibbled at it and he whimpered pitifully, beginning to mutter incomprehensible things. I took my mouth away from his hard nipple and took it between my fingers, pulling it, twisting it, so that it stood hard and stiff as his cock.

I put my hand to his nipple and used my nails on it, while with the right hand I took one of the grapes from the lid of the epergne and drew it slowly out. I held the glowing tip of the needle before his face, so that he could see what was about to happen. He began to babble.

I held the tip of his nipple firmly and pulled it out from his chest, then I thrust the red-hot needle through it.

He screamed and stiffened. I pushed the needle until his nipple was at its cool center, then I let go, so that the weight of the grape pulled downward, twisting the nipple.

I walked around Rafael and put my mouth to my victim's other nipple. I sucked and bit more savagely now, twisted the flesh more emphatically. I had to give him more pain in order to produce the excitement required to stiffen the tissues. He kept muttering, "No, no, no," all the while as I took the second needle and thrust it through his left nipple. Then he screamed again.

I am not fond of the sight of blood. I found that heated instruments cauterize the wounds very nicely and quickly and I am spared the profuse bleeding that accompanies so many tortures.

Some allow that the pain of cauterization is too great, and that the shock which often sets in is too likely to kill the subject. I have experimented a great deal with this in mind, and have found that cauterization is a great preventative of infection, which in the long run is more likely to kill the subject than is

cauterization itself.

I stepped back and noted that the Marquis seemed to be losing consciousness, or at least retreating from the reality of what was happening to him. I did not want him to escape into madness, I only wanted him subservient; so I applied the spirit salts to his nose again and brought him to full awareness of his pain and situation.

"Roger, Rafael," I said. "Bring him close now, very close."

The Marquis' eyes pleaded with me as I watched my two skilled mutes bring into play all the tricks of pleasure that they had learned, increasing their speed, varying their angles, forcing the ecstasy the Marquis felt to equal and exceed his pain. In his eyes I saw him run down the corridors of his mind, fear and longing combined as he searched for the door to that chamber where pain and terror are transmuted to lust and desire. He began to tremble all over, and I knew that my moment of triumph was near.

"There are two little spots on the top of your cock that you have probably not discovered," I told him. "I have demarked them with little holes in these rods that rest upon your prick. If they are very strongly stimulated you will experience an orgasm of such power and force that all the rest of the world is blotted out. It is the greatest pleasure a man may know. In a moment I am going to let you know that pleasure, but the stimulation I will provide will be such that the two seats of this sublime pleasure will be forever destroyed. You will know this pleasure once, and only once, but it will live in your memory and you will forever suffer its loss."

I waited, watching him, until Roger and Rafael signaled that in a moment more he would be seized by his spasm. Then I took the two special grapes from the epergne, the ones with great, thick needles, their tips not so sharp, their glow almost white. I set the tips into the little metal-lined holes, holding them up, enjoying the way the Marquis looked down at them helplessly, crying and licking his lips.

"Now!" I whispered.

Rafael and Roger unharnessed their passions. Roger rammed his cock in with all the force he could muster. Rafael sucked furiously and reached up to grab the duck's eggs balls and twist them. I let go the ceramic grapes and let the two red-hot points of the needles come to rest of the top of his prisoned hard cock.

"Aaauugghhh!"

The orgasm hit him at the same precise moment as the burning needles.

I grabbed Rafael's hair and yanked him back, so that I could watch as the thick white ropes of semen burst from the engorged purple plum of the Marquis' wet prickhead.

Roger shook and trembled as he silently spewed his hot load into the Marquis' ravaged asshole.

Rafael yanked out his own cock, pumping furiously as the Marquis' come splattered against his upturned face.

At that moment, when the Marquis' semen exploded from him with the greatest force, I placed my hand flat across the two ceramic grapes whose needle shafts rested burning on his cock and pushed down, forcing the searing needles all the way down through his stiff and spurting prick till they stuck in the oak wood below.

Even as he screamed again, as the come continued to pump from his doubly pierced rod, the young Marquis fainted.

When he awoke in a day or two he would find his arms and legs free. He would be unfettered, except for the two shafts through the base of his cock. These shafts would be attached to long, very light but very strong chains, and these chains would be fixed to either wall of the dungeon. He would have a certain degree of freedom of movement. I wanted him to learn to use his hands and mouth and ass in my service. He would be able to stand, kneel or lie down.

But for the rest of my life, at least, he would never be able to face away from the lovely painting by M. Watteau. □

Mason Powell is the author of *The Brig*, to be released this month by Alternate Publishing.



Just Give Me What I Want

by T.R. Witomski

Chuck was standing next to the bar. He was in Chicago on business and had decided to check out some of the local action spots.

The pool shooter was tall, lean, and rugged looking, just about two inches taller than Chuck's six feet. His muscles were clearly etched by his tight fitting black T-shirt, and his close-hugging faded 501s outlined a heavy basket. His carefully trimmed

dark beard and moustache accented a tough, intriguing face. The man always wore his keys on the left, as did Chuck. Normally, this would have made the guy "off limits" to Chuck, but something about the graceful ease, the body language, with which the man shot pool gave Chuck an idea. Chuck had always been a gambler. Gambling gave him a rush, a special type of excitement that was almost as good as the high he got from sex. Chuck enjoyed taking chances; he got off on

the uncertainty of gambling. And he sensed that the man shooting solitary pool was the same type he was.

"How about a game?" Chuck asked the pool player.

"Sure."

As Chuck racked the balls, he introduced himself and learned his rival's name was Steve. As the game began, both men played with cool deliberation. Though almost evenly matched, Steve successfully called for and sank the eight ball on a difficult bank shot.

"Good shot," Chuck said.

"Thanks."

"Get you a beer?"

"You're on."

As they sat at the bar, Chuck asked Steve if he'd be interested in a little private pool tournament and added, "Best of five wins."

"Wins what?" Steve asked.

"The loser."

"And what the winner does with the loser is his business? No restrictions?"

"None."

"That's fine with me, man, just fuckin' fine," Steve said.

As the first game began, Chuck fully expected to win, but he admitted—as all true gamblers do—that he was more interested in the prospect of losing.

After four games, each man had two wins. The tension between them grew, and both gave their full attention to this last game. The course of the night would be decided in the next few

Steve eased the greased head of the twelve-inch cock into Chuck's tight asshole. "Feels like you ain't used to getting it up the ass, boy. I gotta change that," Steve said. With one hand pressing Chuck's neck to the mattress...his screams echoed in Steve's ears.

minutes

Steve broke and sank the seven ball. The solids were his. Chuck was almost gaping open-mouthed as Steve sank five balls in rapid order. When he narrowly missed a difficult combination on the two ball, Chuck breathed a sigh of relief. Or was it a sigh of disappointment?

Chuck had an easy corner shot. *Christ, he thought while cueing up, I'm starting to get nervous about this. Just like when I double-down on hundred-do-lar-a-hand blackjack.*

He missed the shot.

Steve had no problem with his remaining ball. Then he coolly tapped his pool stick and said, "Eight ball in the right side pocket." He sank the ball effortlessly. "C'mon," he said to Chuck, "we got better games to play."

Chuck was practically shaking in his boots as they got into Chuck's car. "Hey, take it easy. Nothing's gonna happen to you that you don't want," Steve said, and handed Chuck a joint.

They had about a twenty minute drive ahead of them. As they smoked and talked, Chuck relaxed somewhat, finding Steve an intelligent, level-headed guy.

When they arrived at their destination, Steve gave Chuck a drink, and they smoked another joint.

"Take your clothes off. You won't be needing them for a while."

Chuck did as he was told. No hedging. No insurance bets. He'd been won, fair and square. He never welched.

"Kneel down in front of me and start smelling this crotch. Yeah, that's the way. Sniff and lick it good. Show me how much

you want my cock. You better love that cock, boy, 'cause you're gonna get a lot of it..."

Is this starting to turn you on? Is your cock getting hard? Better yet, are you jerking off? I mean, is your strong hand caressing your pulsating cockshaft, pulling on your throbbing manmeat, stroking your thick prick? Are you going to massage your hard dick until your hairy balls tighten and you realize you can't stop masturbating now? Are you at the point where orgasm is inevitable, the point where you'll feel your come travel the length of your cock until it explodes, creaming out of your piss-slit like hot lava, convulsing all the muscles of your body in the spasms of sexual release?

I hope so. That's what I'm paid to do. If I've had a joint and/or a few drinks and am asked what I do for a living, I say, "I make people come." I've been doing it for seven years, and I can be quite good at it. I am Ted Raymond, Valerie St. John, Al Prince, Tom Williams, Dr. Bennett Hall, Tim Witteker, Ms. C.D. of Lawton, Oklahoma, Sharon Ames & Victor Reilly, Bill K., Grand Master Boris, Vivian Shannon Johnson, Anonymous, Mrs. R.W. of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Name and Address Withheld By Request, Thomas William Rayston.

Nobody knows my real name. I am the person you unknowingly reach for when you're alone and horny at two in the morning. I am millions of words spread over tens of thousands of come-splattered pages. I am caught in the intricate web of cocks, cunts, assholes, tits, clits spun across novels, stories, letters, scripts in endless variations on the theme of "hot."

Oh no, I'm boring you now. But don't go away. Please don't leave me. I need you. Wait...

"Maybe I'll give you a taste of my cock now," Steve said, unbuttoning his jeans. His thickly veined shaft stood straight out, a good nine inches long and five inches in diameter. Chuck was so turned on by the sight of Steve's cock that he went hungrily after it.

"Not so fast, you greedy fuckin' cocksucker. Just run your tongue around the head. That's it. Lick it like it was a fuckin' lollipop for the good little boy. Kiss it. Show me you really love it. You'll get it all when I'm ready to give it to you. Now, stand up."

Chuck obeyed, and Steve pushed him toward the bedroom and ordered him to kneel over the bed. Steve deftly applied a pair of leg shackles to Chuck's quivering ankles and shoved a filthy jockstrap into his mouth.

"Stick you ass up high," Steve commanded. When Chuck had complied, Steve laid into his ass with a thick, studded belt.

At first Chuck was completely distracted by the pain. Then he tried to count the blows that rained down on him, thinking that this mental exercise would minimize his agony. He counted to fifty before he gave way to the transcendent torture that was turning his entire body into one sensitive mass of flesh. Each time Steve crashed the belt against his asscheeks, Chuck whimpered through his jock-gag. His muffled cries spurred Steve to strike him harder, letting the swats land on Chuck's thighs and back as well as on his ass. Just when Chuck thought he could stand it no longer, Steve stopped and ran his rough hand over the red-hot buns, criss-crossed with welts and brutal black-and-blue marks.

"It's starting to feel good," Chuck's tormentor said. "Let's warm the inside up now."

When Steve showed him the foot-long dildo, Chuck cursed his "no restrictions" idea; he thought that monster rubber cock would tear his rectum apart.

Steve eased the greased head of the twelve-inch cock into Chuck's tight asshole. "Feels like you ain't used to getting it up the ass, boy. I gotta change that," Steve said. With one hand pressing Chuck's neck to the mattress, Steve used the other hand to ram the dildo to the hilt up Chuck's hole. Chuck felt like electric shocks were shooting through his bowels, and despite the pussy, cummy gag, his screams echoed in Steve's ears.

Steve laughed at Chuck's acute discomfort and shameful humiliation. "Hey, stud, didn't your Daddy ever tell you that if you gamble with the big boys you might get fucked?"

Leaving Chuck on the bed, the massive dildo snugly wedged in his ass, Steve left the room to gather up a full array of enema

accessories. Throwing the stuff on the bed, Steve said, "Look what we got here. Some stuff to clean you out, pussy. 'Cause if you think you can beat me at pool, you are definitely full of shit. And I got something special just for a fuckin' loser like you."

Steve removed the gag from Chuck's mouth and savagely pulled the dildo from his enflamed guts. Steve's "special" allowed two bags to empty into one hose. One bag was filled with burning hot water; the other with icy cold fluid. Steve roughly shoved the thick nozzle far into Chuck and expertly started to alternate the flow of hot and cold water.

"Shit, man—I don't think I can hold anymore," Chuck moaned after a few minutes.

"You call me Sir, asshole. And you've got a lot more to go, so you better just fuckin' relax. I'm gonna empty both these bags up that tight little ass of yours. You'll take as much as I give you."

Chuck felt himself filling up until he thought his guts would burst. But he gritted his teeth and held on until he had taken the full load. Steve pulled the enema nozzle out and roughly shoved a large butt plug into Chuck's tortured ass. Chuck's insides were wracked with punishing cramps and he begged to be able to relieve himself of the flood that was inside him.

"I'll let you get rid of that load, but when you get back, it'll cost you thirty whacks with the belt."

"Okay, anything, Sir, I'll do anything you want."

When Chuck hobbled back from the bathroom, he had to submit again to Steve's harsh belt. This time Steve made him count the strokes aloud and sat "Thank you, Sir" after each one. When Chuck forgot the "Sir" after the eighteenth smack, Steve started over from stroke one. Tears were falling from Chuck's eyes when Steve finally stopped hitting him, but Chuck knew that his handsome tormentor wasn't finished with him yet.

Steve secured Chuck spread-eagled on his back on the bed. "Think I'll give you something to remember me by," Steve grinned. He brought out scissors, a straight razor, and a can of shaving cream. With quick, knowing motions, he completely shaved off Chuck's pubic hair.

"Wait till the guys at the gym get a look at the big gambler's shaved crotch," Steve said as he stood back to admire his handiwork. "You look like a little kid down there now, boy."

Steve straddled Chuck's bound body, positioning his cock against Chuck's lips. Then with one tremendous plunge, he shoved his cock all the way down Chuck's throat. Chuck gagged at the sudden invasion, so Steve withdrew his huge prick halfway to allow Chuck to catch his breath before battering down again. "Suck it, man, suck that cock," Steve yelled as he relentlessly fucked Chuck's narrow throat. Finally, when Chuck thought he could take no more of the feverish fucking

Do you know that I'm an alcoholic? That I left my lover this month, after six years? That I suffer from migraine? That my fear of AIDS is so all-consuming that I've completely stopped having sex? Or do you think (as I do sometimes): Who the fuck cares? Let's get on with it.

How comfortable porn is: I love writing it. Its purpose is so simple, so direct. How wonderful it is to reduce all life to a very simple, basic dimension, to eliminate introspection—or at least to reduce introspection to "Would I ever be able to top Robert?" and other easily discussed matters.

The goal is simple: "Get them off," Gertrude Stern told Hemingway that his first draft of *The Sun Also Rises* contained "a good bit of description...but not particularly good description." Last week an editor told me that my latest i/o novel, composed on speed in one eighteen-hour stretch, was "very poetic...but this ain't a literary outfit. Why don't you just give me what I want?"

And so I did.

...Steve cried out, "I'm coming, cocksucker, swallow your man's load," and dumped a huge wad of bittersweet semen into Chuck's sucking mouth.

Steve untied Chuck from the bed, but told him he'd have to wear handcuffs and leg shackles all night long.

It seemed like Chuck had been sleeping only a few minutes when he heard Steve's voice: "Wake up, gambling boy, I still got some time with you, and I intend to make the most of it."

Steve released Chuck from his bondage. Chuck was a bit unsteady after sleeping in chains. Steve practically had to lead him down the stairs to the basement. In the center of the room was a pool table.

With a smirk on his face, Steve said, "Bend over the table. Hold on to the sides and spread your fuckin' legs. I'm gonna take a few practice shots."

Chuck did as he was told, and Steve reached for a cue stick. "Open wide," he said as he introduced the stick into Chuck's ass and slowly pushed it in. "Don't you look cute," Steve said as he rotated the stick, stretching Chuck's anal opening.

Steve allowed Chuck's ass muscles to work the stick out. Then he reached for a can of Crisco and a pool ball. Greasing the ball, he steadily pushed it up Chuck's ass. Chuck was amazed that he could take it as easily as he did. He began to enjoy the pleasurable sensations that flowed from his asshole throughout his body, but then he felt more pressure on his anal ring as Steve pushed in another ball. Chuck moaned softly, feeling fuller than he'd ever felt before. Steve reached for another ball and crammed it in Chuck's already full rectum. It was like being fucked by that fourteen-inch cock that porno stories always talked about! As Chuck felt the fourth ball entering him, a surge of indescribable ecstasy overwhelmed him and he yelled, "Shit! Jesus, I'm coming, I'm coming," as he shot a huge was of creamy ejaculate all over the green felt of the pool table.

"Told you you'd get what you wanted," Steve said. "Those balls against your prostate really got you off good. Just use your ass muscles to get those balls out now. Easy, boy, real easy, so I

He plunged his hot cock into the other man's ass, fucking it wildly, withdrawing almost all the way before battering it in again. Both men were grunting loudly, like animals in combat, as Steve gave Chuck a buttfucking he'd never forget.

get a good show."

Chuck gradually pushed the balls out of his satisfied ass and heard them bang, one after another, on the cement floor. No sooner had the last ball fallen than Chuck felt the head of Steve's monstrous cock in his ass. Steve's strong hands gripped Chuck's sides and with one savage, ass-busting stroke.

I used to lie to myself and say I was writing this stuff only for money and would write "other things"—sometimes, later, whenever—for personal satisfaction, artistic expression, or for similar terms of bullshit. But "this stuff" has taken over. I'll never write those "other things." Fuck them. Fuck those pansy artsy stories in Christopher Street. Fuck the polysyllables of Edmund White. Fuck "politically correct" shit. Fuck Robert McQueen. This is the stuff that is real for me now. This is what makes my readers, my lovers all of them, cream. This is it. Nothing but...

...he plunged his hot cock into the other man's ass, fucking it wildly, withdrawing almost all the way before battering it in again. Both men were grunting loudly, like animals in combat, as Steve gave Chuck a buttfucking he'd never forget.

"Tear me apart! Flood my guts with your come, Sir!" Chuck heard himself saying. With a renewed frenzy, Steve plunged in and out of Chuck's ravaged ass. Feeling his balls tighten, Steve gave one more eager thrust and exploded in a series of rapid spurts of come.

After they had cleaned up and dressed, Steve drove Chuck back to the bar, telling him as they parted, "Next time you're in Chicago, give me a call."

"You bet," said Chuck. "Hey, you play poker?"

THE PHENOMENON GROWS...



"From the earliest that I can remember, I have always had a hard-on for my father. The very first erection that I can remember was while he was playing pony with me..."



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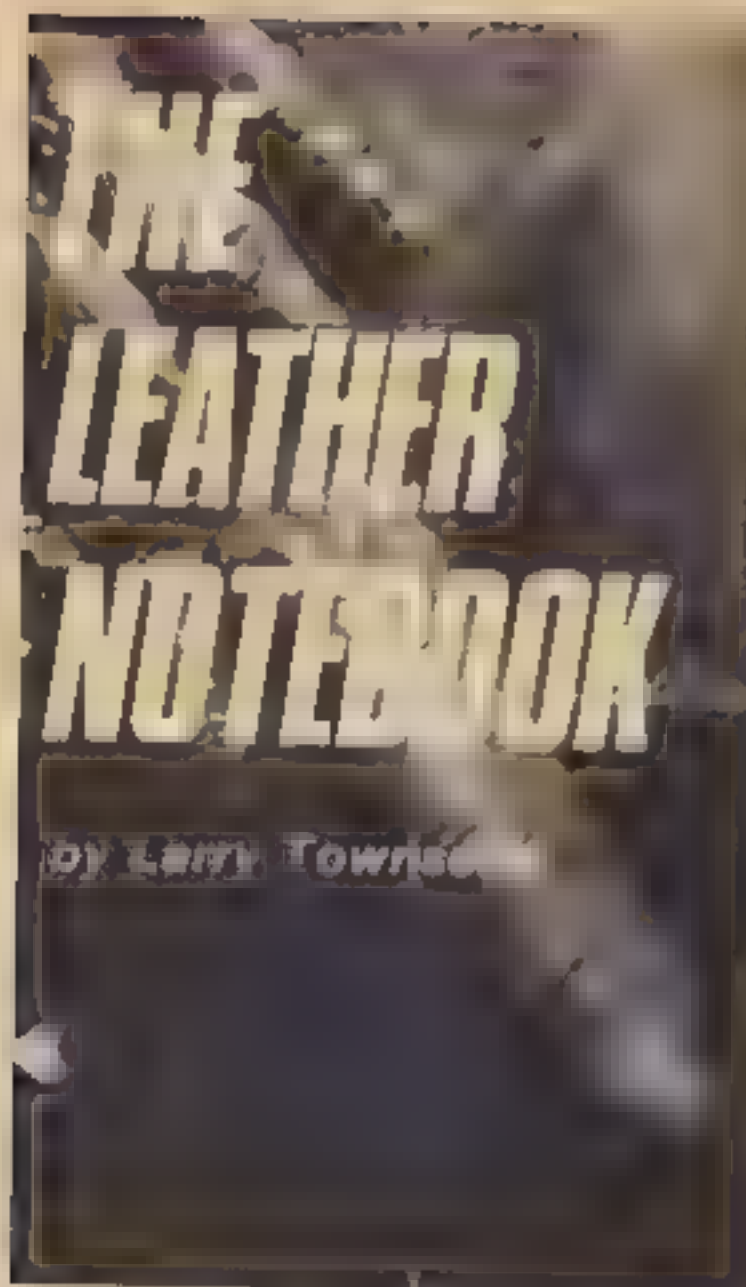
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Dear Larry,

My lover and I have been together six years. Both of us are interested in SM, and as we grew to know each other we mutually communicated these feelings. While we did not have a Master/slave relationship outside the bedroom, I was usually Top and we enjoyed our scenes very much.

About two years ago that changed. While I was having sex I shoved the blunt end of a whip into his mouth and broke a tooth. When he started to bitch I lost control and beat his ass bloody—a nonsexual act that rendered the scene a total failure. Since then, I have tried to talk to him about it, but he refuses to communicate, and our sex life has become non-existent. On weekends he'll get on his skins and go to the bars, where he has been getting involved in progressively heavier scenes—comes home smelling of piss and covered with welts, etc. Often, I'll find he's taken our toys into the bathroom and locked himself in, jacking off in front of the mirror.

Once a month we have a true rape scene, which is fun for me, but not enough. Things can't go on this way, but I hate to throw out six otherwise great years. Can you offer any insights or suggestions? Please, no names or city.

Disaffected, East Coast

Dear Dis,

Too often, I think, we find ourselves hanging on to a relationship long after we've lost it, because we remember how good it was or how good we thought it was going to be. When your sexual partner prefers Merry Palm to the real thing, it's time to look elsewhere. Six years may seem a lot to lose, but it's best

to cut your losses before it becomes ten or twelve.

Dear Larry,

Please answer a question for me. I can't decide whether to buy a trunk or a free-standing wardrobe to store leather clothing. I heard you have to hang leathers in order to retain their shape. How do you store leather clothing?

John, Wisconsin

Dear John,

Although leathers will take a lot of abuse and still come up smiling, I prefer to hang them—especially if there is a chance of their being put away with any moisture on them. When you travel, of course, those steamer trunks can present a terrible problem.

Dear Mr. Townsend,

My lover and I are both men in our thirties, who have been together for a number of years, and have at least experimented with most phases of SM. We have now come to a point where we would like to be branded by each other. We have designed the pattern we would like for the brand, but don't know where to get it made, or how it should be applied. Specifically, we would like to know:

What metal is best? How long and at what pressure should it be applied? Are the sanitary setups the same as for piercing? What immediate and long term care is best to treat the wound? How long is the healing process? What other special things should we know?

Thank you for your help, and for your book, for which the leather community, especially the novices, are eternally indebted to you.

J. W., Norfolk VA

Dear J.W.,

I checked around with a couple of people who are into branding, and found some diversity of opinion. However, the most reasonable answers seem to be: Exercise some care in how you inquire and where you do it, because branding is specifically outlawed in a number of states, and for ethical reasons I cannot suggest that you do it in such a jurisdiction. It can also present problems if one of you requires medical attention. As to the type of metal, any good conductor is going to work. Copper was mentioned as first choice by one expert, but another said it may tend to be too soft and can warp in the heating process. Whatever is used, it should have enough mass to retain the heat. Likewise, the design should be fairly bold—not an intricate filigree, because it will tend to blur the outline. Contact with the skin should be just a tap, for the same reason. It is better to cause just a light scar that retains the pattern, which may fade and have to be redone later, than to cause an ugly smear that will last as long as you do. The sanitary

precautions are mostly concerned with the treatment afterward, and these would be the same as with any burn and would depend upon the severity. If you have ever burned yourself accidentally, you know how long it took you to heal.

Dear Larry,

I recently saw a letter in your column from a woman who is into the leather/SM scene and spends a lot of time in men's bars. I want to thank you for not writing an immediate, disapproving response. Gay men who are part of this scene are incredibly lucky, compared to the woman who has no leatherbar, leather oriented bath, shop or magazine like *Drummer*. Only now are there a few support groups forming and a few books coming into print, but they are not much help on a Saturday night, when you want to go out with like-minded folks and maybe find a partner for the evening.

I've spent a lot of time in gay men's leatherbars, simply because there is no other space available. I deeply appreciate the sensitive and caring gay men who have made me welcome, socialized and played with me. I've learned more about SM and sex in general from them than I could possibly describe. As for the occasional gay man who is hostile or rude, I have this to say: Where do you want me to go? I am not interested in ruining anybody else's fantasy trip, but I think a guy who has to focus on my presence to the exclusion of all the hot men in a space is ruining things for himself. I never press myself on anybody who isn't interested (and anyway, my primary sexual interest is in other women), but I do feel good about myself and like having a good time wherever I am, in a gay men's or lesbian bar.

And there's one final thing to think about. Given that the basic dynamic of SM sex is a power exchange, expressed in an infinite variety of ways, does gender matter as much in SM as it does in vanilla sex? I think most SM people have a tendency to respond to power wherever they find it, in men or women, though of course we all have our usual gender preferences.

Pat Califia, NY

Dear Pat,

Thanks for your comments. It's certainly a many-sided issue. (For the benefit of those who do not know her, Pat is a contributor to a number of gay publications. It was she who reviewed *The Leatherman's Handbook II* for the *Advocate*. Sit on my face for ignoring women, indeed!

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107. If you wish a private response include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

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DRUMBEATS



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MODELS

Drumbeats is looking for leather on form men writing to model (415) 864-3456.

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Holding out for the right scene? Tel. the Sarge abt about it. Send description photo (not necessary) and circumstances on fantasy. All get replies the chosen get a pood. Box 3456.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

39 year old M. successful professional man. just breaking into the scene seeks contact with individuals, groups, clubs, organizations in the mainstream of the national and/or international S.M. community for an introduction into the life style. Box 3615.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANFEET will now accept verified telephone numbers in persona ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. (necessary please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

HARD MUSCLED FARMER

Wants to share bikes, boots, leathers & heavy bondage (possibly long-term) w/ aggressive guy. send photo. Box 33 Riner, VA 24143.

WANTED-YOUNG MEN TO 35

For live in work at motel. Job involves

light maintenance & learning desk duties. Must be willing to know how to be willing to learn how to give good massage. Owners only. Reply with photo & address & phone # if possible to Gary Sertz—3945 W. Houser Eloy AZ 85021.

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominate GWM's mid 30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w photo gets reply. MSTRS P.O.B. 50206 WASH. D.C. 20004.

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35 S 11" slim hairy slave into SM & BD & IT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung please Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can travel USA P.O. Box 20648 Atlanta, GA 30320.

BIG HEAVY HAIRY

TOPMAN NEEDED

Thirsty GWM, 30, 6' 230 lbs, wants large hairy topman to service while you fatten this pig up. Box 3983.

S.F. TOP

Interested in contacting others (top or bottom) into Heavy W.S. for purpose of starting a nationwide club for same. Photo insures reply. 17 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

WANTED—

Lost over 1,000 buttons & pins during recent move. Will trade 1 for 1 Bar Anniversary pins, run pins, gay point pins, etc. 17 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

TENNESSEE SILVER FOX

60 y/o, 6'2", 190 blue eyes, reddish complexion, handsome & excellent

definition had lg nipples, talented ho/e expert mouth for an older Southern Master who commands sexual servitude & S/M. Bald cigar smokers a plus (not required). SM Groups OK. Box 35496.

QUEBEC CITY, CANADA

WM, 34 5'8" 170 lbs wants to make friends in Central—U.S.A. and on the West Coast where I'll bike in '84. Interested in SM, CBT, TJ boots, BD ass play. Mainly M looking for top f.e.d. Also interested in contacts with same from NE—U.S.A. and Canada. Box 3984.

ANIMAL SUITS

Animal costume transformation scenes (not beastiality). Am I the only one? Serious only please. Box 3988.

VIDEOPORNFREAK

With tastes that run from the bizarre to the downright disgusting wants to correspond and possibly swap with other videopornfreaks, either formal, with similar, or more extreme tastes. Interested in amateur as well as under-the-counter material. Write first. Box 3963.

PHONE FREAKS

Rough tough top will call you free for discipline. Send area code and number to Box 4021.

SLAVE SOUGHT

Ex Marine seeking lowly grunt to serve as directed without fail. Grunt will learn to become a total slave in a possible permanent position. Bondage, discipline lifestyle. Photo and letter to Box 4014.

MUSC SLAVE WANTED

Master, 35, tall, dark, hairy, Italian stud well educated successful seeks hard muscular well defined smooth bodied slave. 18-28 I will use your body for my pleasure including B&D. T.

GRK. You will be submissive and obedient. Education is a plus. If you qualify you will be ordered to appear for a trial. If successful you will be expected to relocate immediately. Only top quality bodies with the proper attitudes need apply. Send letter describing your personal history, attitudes, and special qualifications. Send several current photos. Box 4027.

HOT HUNG AIRLINE CAPTAIN

into jockstraps uniforms. Light shorts. Seeks studs 18-35 to explore my bulimoid (ly or shiny zipper before taking my beautiful tool. W.M. 32 5'11" 168# TV, Worldwide. Like airline men uniformed guys, athletes, promising asses. Box 4023.

WANTED: HAIRY ASS TO LICK

The GWM 28, slim smooth well hung loves long oral sessions especially rears (yours). Prefer hairy husky older men. Love to exchange hot horny letters. Write RDA. Box 4001 Key West FL 34002.

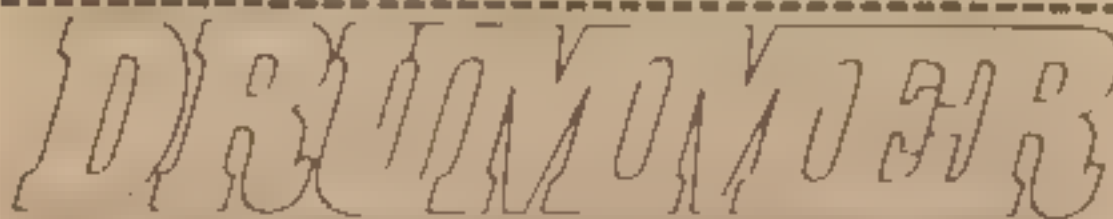
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The men who use our service get connected together for a hot, erotic experience with other HOT GUYS 24 hrs a day. Do it now for LESS THAN \$2.50 per hour. (415) 348-8747.

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SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

In Mobile AL. We want to show you some Southern Hospitality that General Grant never saw. Two Real Men. Both 36 one blonde/blue beard and a hefty A-cut solid log sticking out from his 6'2" frame. The other 6'1" 170 LB. Lurba with brown/brown equipped with a loaded uncut cock. We are looking for Southern Men and visitors to the south who are into being men and paying kind. We've had enough of the southern



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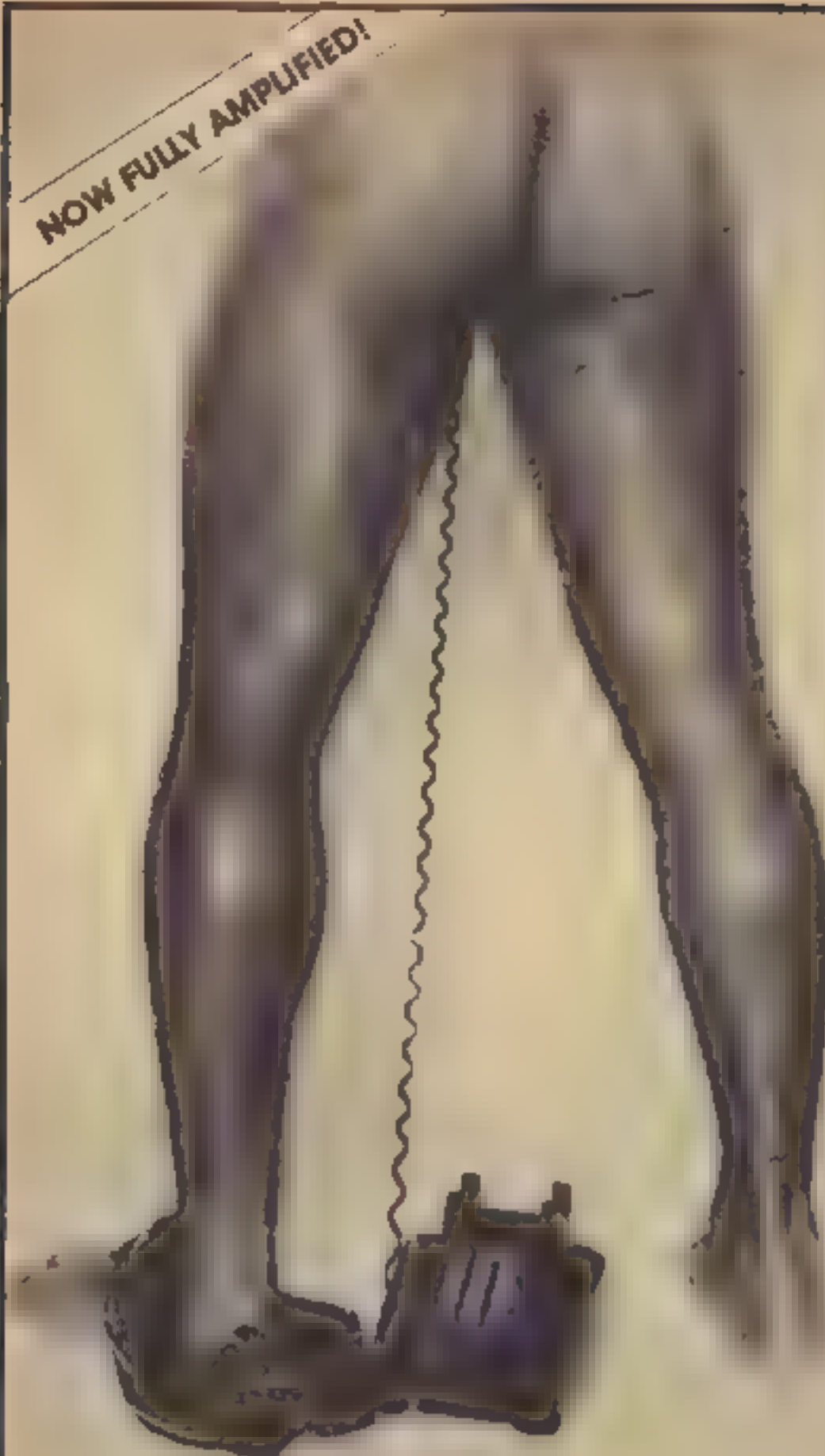
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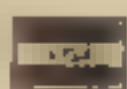


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belles at the local bars. If you're fat or lean or don't qualify as a real man, don't waste our time. If you think you're man enough for our brand of hospitality, get your shit together and write us a letter with a hot photo (returnable) of yourself. Box 374.

BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN (Daddy) 21-45

To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me: Prof., Blk., 40, 5'11", 148 lbs. masculine discretion expected and received. P.O. Box 1772, Montgomery, AL 36104.

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 42 br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well built, not fat, well-hung who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (18-35)
Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder Box 9484 Phoenix AZ 85068.

PHOENIX TRASH

Two hot sex pigs in mid-30s looking for men into W/S, V.A., hot J/O sessions, and other healthy but deranged activities. Box 4032.

NEED LOVE!

Two master daddies want slave/son for weekend encounters. Must be obedient, enjoy discipline, good body. Will give companionship in return. Photo appreciated. Box 35762, Phoenix, AZ 85069.

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Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality, top/bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application. The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RIVER

SM C&BT To lie and chew on. Don't forget T/T Versatile. Your photo gets mine. All answered. Box 3442.

STOCKY, HAIRY MAN WANTED

By 25, 6' blond/blue swimmer's build nymphomaniac. Just can't get enough of that hot stuff! I'll swallow it whole right down to your balls any way you like it. (Chew lock, gag choke) for the men who really dig getting their cocks sucked dry. Photo & Phone to Box 3804.

RECENTLY DIVORCED

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding my experience in fucking, light S&M B&D WS, toys, dildoes, polaroids, playrooms, & fantasy scenes. Not into scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797.

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

21 YR. OLD, 5'7" 160LB

Bodybuilder seeks older (25-35) top man to exercise light B & D & preliminary S/M techniques. Must be good looking and masculine. Box 3944.

SEX MANIAC

Insatiable fool needs daily servicing. Looking for hot holes—which part of the body doesn't matter. Must be good at one end or the other. Sex Maniac is 5'11", 155 lbs, br/br with 8 1/2" of thick hard meat. Can be kinky if the mood strikes. Reply Box 3917.

GWMAN 30+ WANTED

Tired of bars—usual artificial men—Seeking meaningful relationship. I'm willing to give T.L.C. to the right man who is honest, trustworthy, sensitive into all music especially classical and fun times. I'm W/M 32 Blue eyes, hung—versital. Box 3923.

HOT 30 YR. OLD TATTOOED

Blond, blue-eyed rather boy, 5'11", slender very handsome boyish. Seeks young (21-30) good-looking, clean-shaven masculine gay or bi buddy—punk biker, or surfer type for sex and companionship, possible on-going relationship. Can be gentle and/or wild. Light S&M bondage, leather loving. No fats, lems, losers or clones need apply. Photo a must. Box 3925.

YOUR FAVORITE HOLE

WATERING HOLE

To 1145 Folsom Street approx 4-1-84 The Watering Hole.

W/M, 37, 6', BLENDER

Good looking, bottom, seeks heavily muscled daddy 25-45. Into it T/T B/D W/S. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric, 1632 J, #3, Eureka, CA 95501.

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO SF BAY AREA

Or four... #1 S, 40, 130, 5'4" #2 MS, 30, 180, 6'1". Both w/hot w/p attitude and like rough sex & old standards. No hangups about sex except fear of AIDS. We want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex partnership with 1 or 2 stable couples. You should be GWM under 50, in good shape, healthy, not looking for a cover into hot sex and able to keep closed partnership commitment. If interested lets meet & look one another over. Write Box 3937.

TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going independent Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter, and phone to Box 3767.

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536.

BLOND MAN

No fluid exchange sought by w/m 5'11", 150, blue/brn, blonde moustache, "cute", personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or c&b work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron, P.O. Box 14413, S.F. CA 94114 LF-4045.

HOT COCK +

I'm 32, 150# 5'10", birchle muscular w/br hair, moust & beard, tit-ring & latoo, usually top but welcome other tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all

scenes esp. VA TT, Humiliation, FF (top) cigars, and leather You are together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w/both new & old scenes for max pleasure No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER W/SLAVE DOG

Wants 3rd and/or 4th. I am a (G L) masculine Master (37) I own a Butch Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35) Though he is still in training, I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect obey & worship his Master's commands: leather boots, man-crotch & man-ass He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy I am looking for another master buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation bondage & sexual abuse of my/ our slave pussy Other Masters invited—other slaves submit respectful letter Only serious replies w/ photo w/ I merit this experience Box 3615

SOUTH BAY AREA

White male 27, 6' 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B.D. V.A. boots gives police uniforms, hoods and light to moderate S/M Serious training needed if possible send photo Box 3711

I'M LOOKING

For a long term relationship with a macho muscular slave into oil—sweat—kink—chains 5'9", 175, 45 Phone (415) 944 9984

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VERSATILE WRITER

into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body No JO phone-calls 861 3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs W M needs verbal abuse and hot J/O phone calls between 11 PM—6 AM on y Dick (415) 625-1385

WM, 45, 6' 275 LBS., 7W", UNCUT Gentle very experienced seeks genuine exp sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp in heavy bondage and whipping Piercing CBT TT, watersports body worship total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure Poss. perm. relationship. Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W M late 40 seeks gentle hot topman with hot rod. in only Alb. Area. Box 3857

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS Age 35-50, wanted by W Masculine Bottom, 34 6'1", 195 into T.T, CBT W/S+ Photo & phone gets immediate phone response All letters answered No lems Box 3874

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient serious exploration of amts and mutual satisfaction No one enters. Prefer his rule, baldish anal/oriented, 38-55 Seek man whose life reflects and merits self respect and who gets off on sharing self 863-8756

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C.B.T.T.W.S.F.F Picture appreciated 584 Castro #279 SF 94114.

ME—NATURALLY

32 6' 215, serious weightlifter handsome Y.O.J.—Naturally masculine attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys free loaders Photo phone Box 3886

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs. 5'11" DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc I will obey your parental guidance Send your guidance to David, Box 18891 San Jose CA 95158

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Mach hairy B.B. 29 yrs. old looking for same into dirt bikes, back packing and snow skiing & B.B. Also like bondage. C.B.T. and out door scenes Write to D.G.B. 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord CA 94520 No fem fairs or fakes Photo if possible

DADDY'S BOY

W/M 22 5'9" #130 Brn/Grn Looking for big beer belly Daddys 35+ w/beards into cigars, leather bondage boots uniforms, etc Barry (415) 929-7161 Box 3997

NATURAL STUD INTO J/O

Goodlooking built, hung, aggressive 29 6', 158# dark blonde moustache throbbing 8" muscle, heavy hanging nutsack into showing off and stroking scenes with other true exhibitionists Photos a must before meeting. Box 4008

YES SIR SLAVE WANTED

W M scorpio BB 40 5'11", 205# so. d. br/bl bald beard Germanic strict into S&M, discipline regimented lifestyle Face slapping YOU 21-35, good body, moustache, employed, GR P/A. NO FFA/ drugs/ scat/ filth/ blood. MY WAY ONLY! Affection earned Permanent and live-in. Send qualifical on-photo to C.L. Sawyer P.O. Box 38775, Los Angeles CA 90038

GWM WANTED

YOU 25-35 at least 5'10" Not fat but not sk any either Goodlooking, facial hair a must. I am 26 5'10" Blonde hair and blue eyes with moustache Muscular body I am interested in a relationship Your photo gets mine I am not a size queen but I have been impressed I just don't like little dicks Box 4013

PLEASE DADDY!

Whack my boy-butt! Paddle my athletic ass! Apply Your Daddy-Dick to my whore-whore-hole! Plow into me with Your Hard-Hands and Active-Arms I want to take all this—and more! I need to take all this—and more! I'm 25 5'5", 135 lbs brn/grn, athletic-muscular build Looking for a Daddy or a big brother who is 30-40, bigger than me muscular (football players a plus) who are horny raunchy and SLEAZY! Your photo and letter get ME! Box LF5000

2 HOT LEATHERMEN

We're 2 young guys (25-30) into hot action with other guys into leather S.M. B.D scene Hot tops, or men who want to serve one man while being served by another write with photo & phone PO Box 99688 SF CA 94109

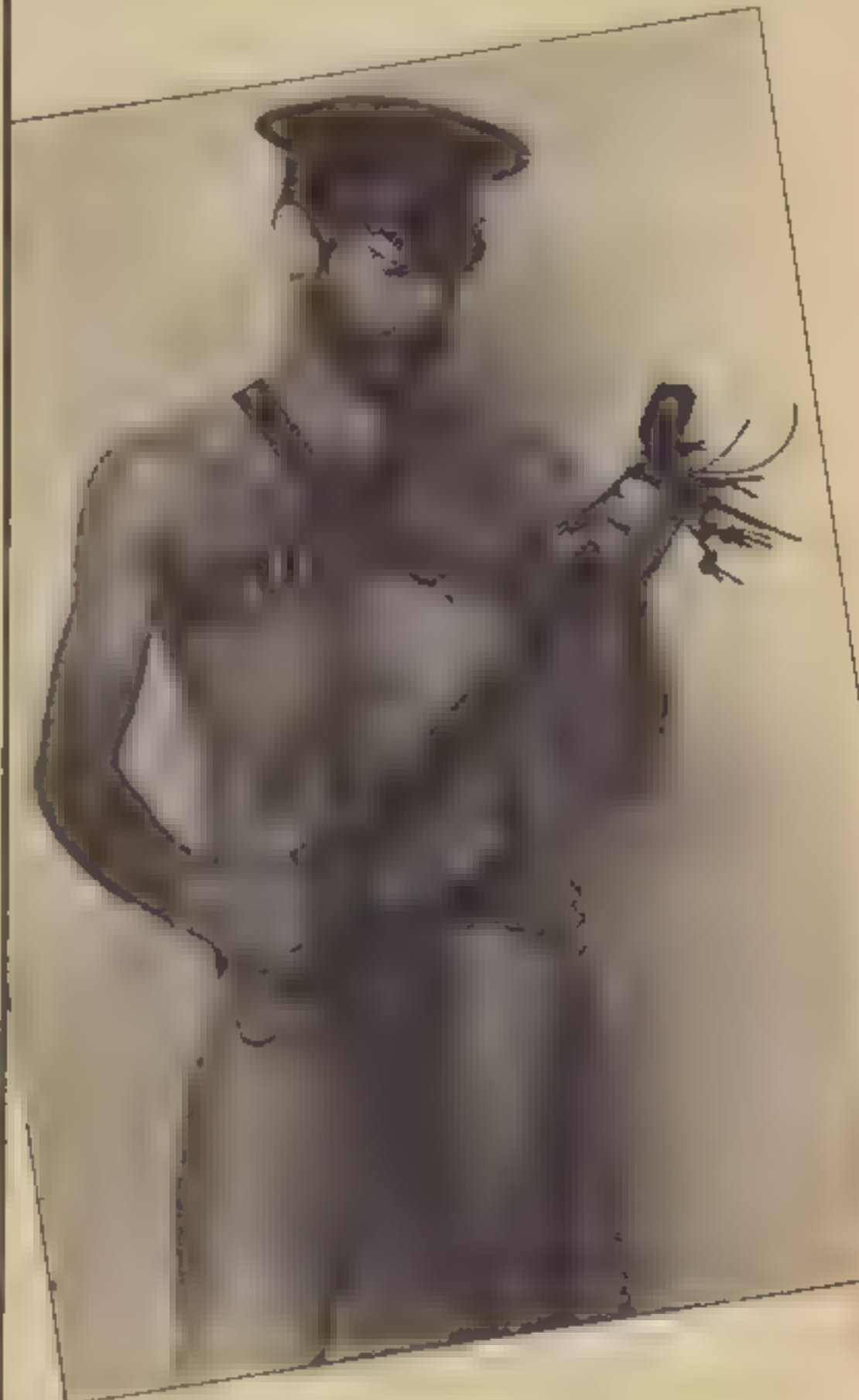
SUBMISSIVE LOVER

30 6', 165 GWM affectionate, discreet handsome, honest, seeks Daddy 25-60 for love and care, any race preferably blacks. (G.C.G., 326 Evergreen Ave Daly City CA 94014)

BALD FISTFUCKER

W/M, 5'10", 180, 40ish, is seeking a lasting friendship with other hungry asses & wild extremes for mutual enjoyment Other scenes? Gary PO Box 2011, Petaluma CA 94953

"Call us. Tell us what you want... the kind of guy you'd like to talk with. Then we'll have him call you back at our expense. You don't have to pay for an expensive collect call, and you can talk as long as you want... until you're satisfied"



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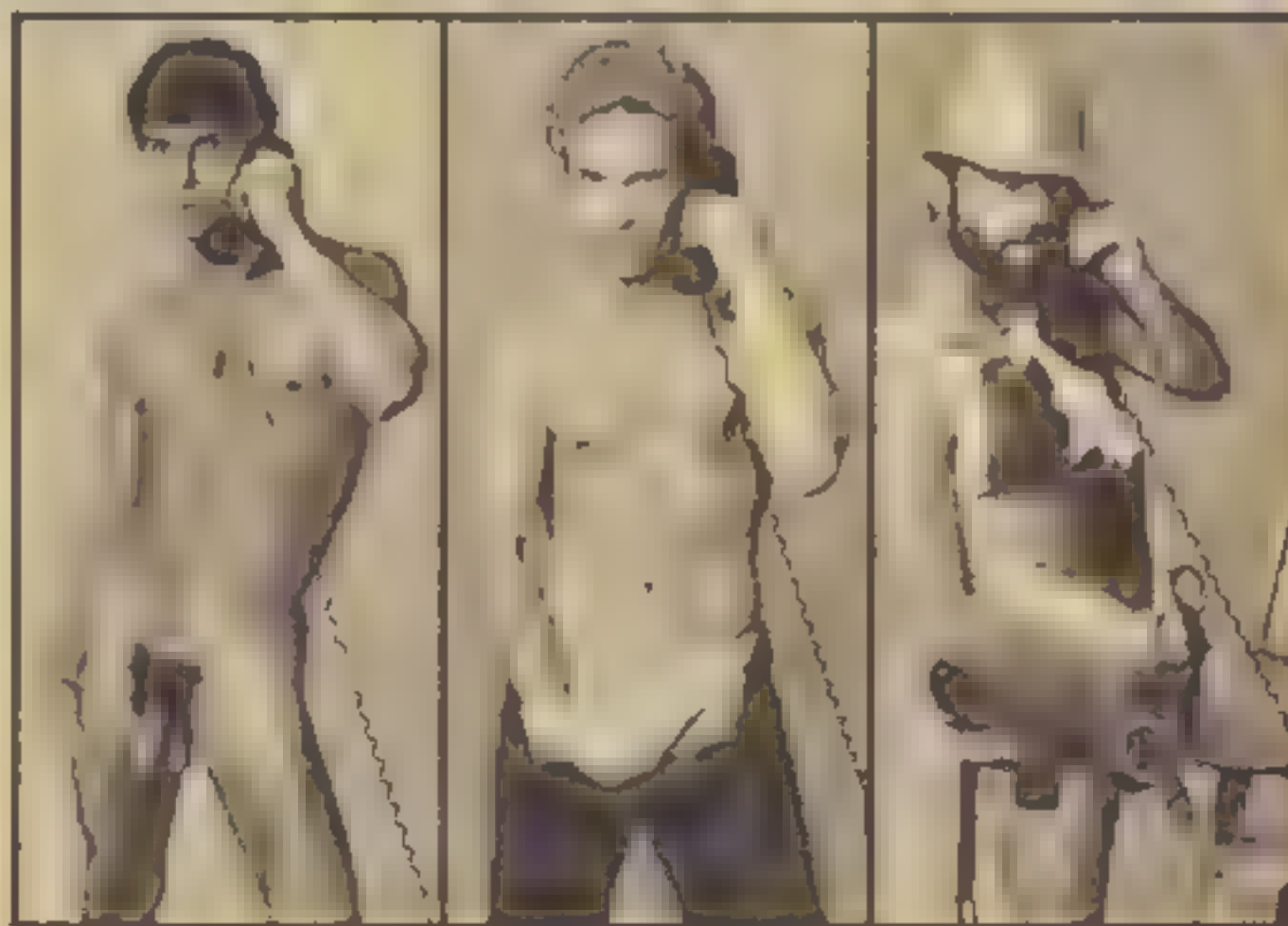
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S/M
PHONE SEX
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BATMAN LEATHERMAN

Strong, good looking, well educated GWM 31 5'11", 185# swimmer's build small when I acid—long & thick when erect, wears full leather, masks gloves, codpiece & gets off on same. Seeks well built skin tight leatherman. No drugs/FF, fluid exchange Box 4046

MACHO DADDY DICK WANTED

To fuck sensuous mouth/tight ass of som w/m 34, beard, bald moderately hairy. You 20's-40's. trim. Plus(es) for you! hairy, beard/moustache, low hanging balls, like grass/poppers, no pain. Couple welcome. Send picture/orders to Box 4885, Berkeley 94704

WANT TO BE TIED-UP?

Bondage top will show you the ropes and give you the orders. Novices O.K. — Write P.O. Box 26322, S.F., CA 94126

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Goodlooking trim guy, late 30's looking to form a monogamous relationship with similar guy into mutual anal scenes. I'm energetic, playful, bright. Not into bars, baths, booze, hard drugs or one nighters (poppers are O.K.) The kinkier the scene, the better. 534 Castro, Suite 167 San Francisco CA 94114

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Man with foot fetish seeks contact with ticklish athletes. Have room for ticklish college student in Sacramento area. Travelers welcome—write ahead. Box 8888

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Trim 29, in SF late May wants to meet tall muscular bearded/moustached top guy preferably with sling. Am into locking, fucking, FF, W.S., VA. Not into heavy physical pain, anal. Box 4019

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From dudes who know what the hell they can, and will put out and take. Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B/P, Toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seat, Hum I. and ????. Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place. HAIRY W/M CHICANOS, come in 2nd with PHOTO get quick reply, responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up, let's do it, ads are for it. Box 3647

HOT MASTER

TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slave(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot, 29 yr old, 5'9" 145 pound, blond/blue eyed dominant professional. Looks are impor-

tant but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine mediterranean/latins a plus. Box 3658

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Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience/loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth, understanding and necessary discipline, then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few, chiefly house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition, so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3581

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Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (818)846-9486

RELOCATE

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35 must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding his slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to his Master and his life style. Send appropriate application humbly to Master Conrad P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic. Experienced and widely respected seeks unfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm)

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Bearded 6' 155# w/m mid-40's looking for L/L, boot-lickin' piss-drinkin' grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741

BODYBUILDER HUNK

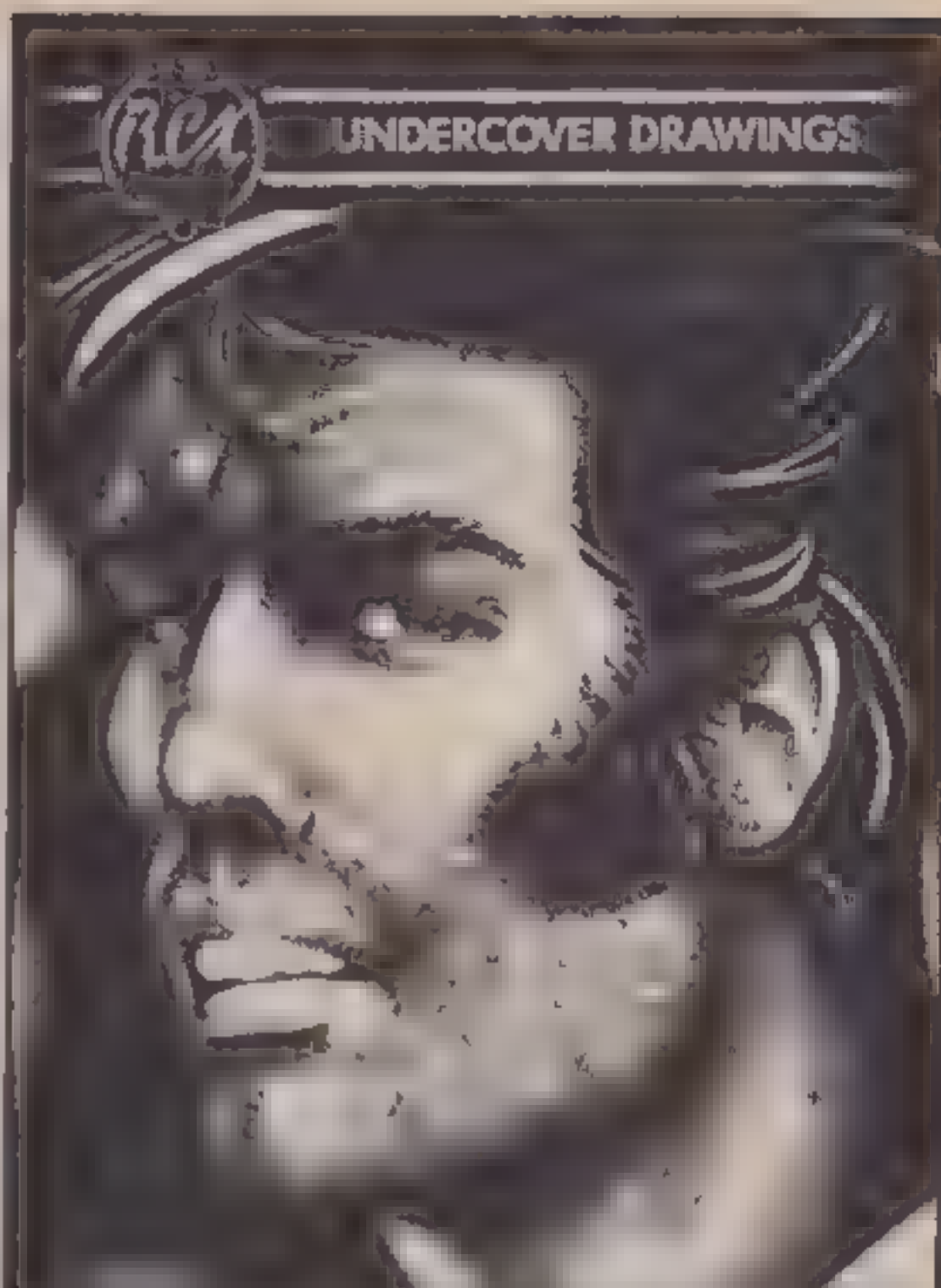
Into Bondage, Sweat, Shaves, Leather CBT Hot Ass Toys, Enemas w/Game room. Cooking for hot creative TOP-MAN who can get into heavy serious sessions. Rel. Pass #2458306 Wilshire Blvd. Beverly Hills Ca. 90211

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IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY Masculine white man, 45, 5'9", 155# seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869. Sk. & s. welcome.

WANT LEATHER BUDDY

For good healthy sex. W/M 48-5'10", 160# Br gr/moustache. Good body. Likes TT B.D., C.B.T. YOU B.B. good chest pecks, tits a must. Letter w/picture gets results. Tell me what you need if your interested in sincere buddy friendship/relationship, with gd. looking top, bottom. Go for it! Don't be afraid. Answer this ad. No late letters. FF & s. welcome. Box 485.

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO Slave prisoner looking for Masters.

Guard(s) Mr. WM-34-6-170-Lite brd. Tan, FA GP B&D verbal abuse, ball & tit, tort., W.S. travel LA-SO You: +6' white, dominate, under 45, healthy good shape. Photo & phone to Box 2142. Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142.

LOOKING FOR

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well equipped playroom. I am 42 6'3" 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes now ce in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron and be discreet. Leave number and time to call. If not home (213)254-3038.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G. W. M. 23, 5'10", 150 lbs. short brown hair moustache. Seeks hot dominate X-hung hairy Leather/Cowboy Masters. Daddies, who need service and cuddling. I am G.P. FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes. Clean Healthy! (619)231-4496.

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180 strong-legged specimen, hand some and eager offers mouth, ass C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock centered, natural dominant preferably shorter white skin, black Polaroids groups dog food ok. Animals possible. GM P.O. Box 26081 L.A. CA 90026. Swap pix.

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Two uncut, hairy Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27 year-old stud. Need VA WS juicy bull meal, sweaty balls. Call anytime 213. 656-9813.

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Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30

6'4", 300+ lbs. seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, le-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig. Write Box 3179.

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Goodlooking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives flakes no mercy workouts w/ribs/knees. Streetfight, interrogation. Two on one ok. Fantasy J/D ok. Send physical description or pic. and phone. Describe scene. Box 3844.

SHORT BLONDS, BIG REDHEADS

Two witty Masters seek 2-3 hrdwiking slavemen with steel balls 20-25 tough scrappy dudes into BB wrest. karate gymnastics, etc. Will sponsor competition material. Absolutely hith minded. No dopers, drunks, smoking bullshit or damage. Age, looks, cocks size unimportant. Seek obedience, loyalty discipline with "Yes, Sir" attitude capacity for correction, punishment, having balls whipped, butt paddled. Do it right or do it over. Not looking for 2nd best.

You will wear collar and leash with pride, eat from dog bowl with gratitude along with our 3 dogs. If familiar with white line brigs you have an idea of the obedience and discipline we look for. Your strength, brawn, mind and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit comfort and pleasure. We're looking for slavemen who work & sweat hard for their Masters. will splash ne Masters boots take pride in doing it well. I require thirsty slaves who can relieve me of 3 AM piss. No neries, assholes, game-players nonsense preferably no family. This is permanent the real stuff. You will have your bull in gym every day, train in

martial arts, perform strength and endurance routines for your Masters and their friends. will be pierced and tattooed. Duties will be house slave persona attend., run Owners various bus enterprises. We like washboard abs gigantic forearms, lvy vascularity. You will be GP FA, will be p design your own leather and steel gear. Lim is entirely up to us, but no scal or FF. If you dig motorcycles great. I'm partial to redheads, my over likes blonds not required. Like em tail, my lover short. Brd & moust desirable. If apeman hairy, you're practically home free, also not required. If you are good it makes no difference. Desire some bckgrnd/intel in cooking, carpentry, gardening. Vegetarian oriented. Must be able to get driver's license and pass port. We travel, need driver, bag handler etc. If you think you're in the ballpark, let's talk. Photos. Remember—no limits, no excuses. Your attitude is everything. If you're good we have latitude. Now read this again, very carefully. Box 3846.

WANTED: BLK BODYBUILDER

Young Blk Dominant Bodybuilder/weightlifter or Wrestler to fuck with the head of 28 yr old Blk guy. Guy seeks physical training & verbal humiliation. Total service for tough cock-centered muscular B.B. who can dominate & train. Light B.D. ok. Ready for sweaty workouts & to worship hard muscle. Send letter photo/description phone PM 8033 Sunset Bl. Box 485. LA. CA 90046.

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STRICT B&D TRAINING NEEDED B&D trainee, undisciplined on hair 31 6'1", 175, Blond seeks Master—D.I. who requires slaves to have heads

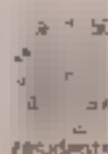
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Handsome 6'2" 180W 29 yr masculine hunk of slave material begs for demanding disciplinary training and torture from experienced hard man. Box 4026

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On yer knees, laggo!, get yer teeth down there on that zipper, get it down, cocksucker. That's it, wrap yer goddamn cocksucking mouth round that cop-meat. Suck that black cock! Strictly for...obstinate 18-35 white law-breaker gng-ho to get busted, manhandled by tall-booted uniformed motorcycle trooper. Truculent Negro, 40 sadistic, flagrantly into police scenarios w/ full motorcycle police uniform, gets gut-wrenching pleasure condemning a White fuckup to crawl, obey his boot leather, and beg for his hard, juicy black prime. Guilty offender to be stripped/interrogated/humiliated/degraded/used and abused sexually/made to suffer prolonged cock ball torture until the enforcer gets what he demands—proper respect for law enforcement uniform. Wildass copsuckers remit photo w/ hot letter. P.O. Box 4672 LA CA 90051 2672

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Must be under 30 into Bondage, S&M etc. Call anytime. Master Bales (619) 296-1084

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Seek smooth slim bottom for weekend training. Particulars to M.E.C. P.O. Box 244, Palm Springs CA 92263

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170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10" 38, dark bearded. InterChain 226. I am essen-

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IOWA

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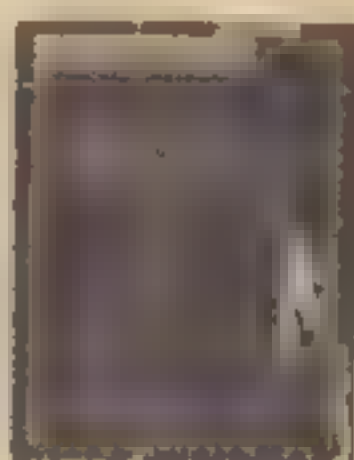
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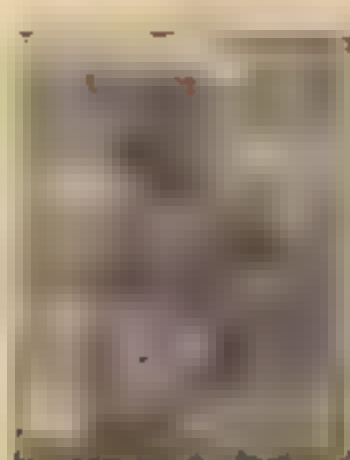
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ISSUE 6



ISSUE 7



ISSUE 8



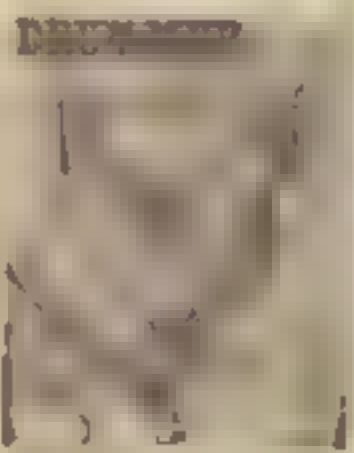
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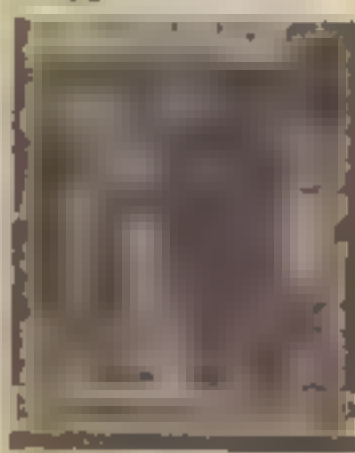
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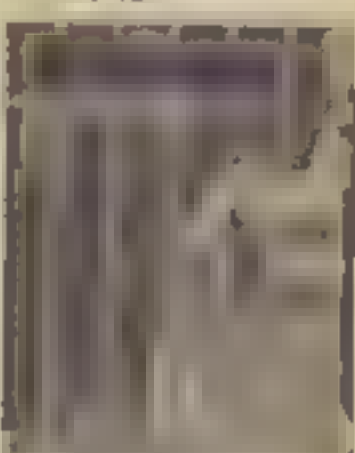
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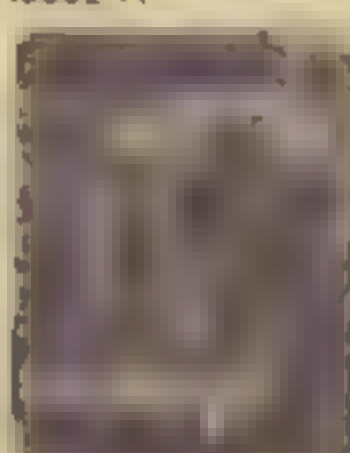
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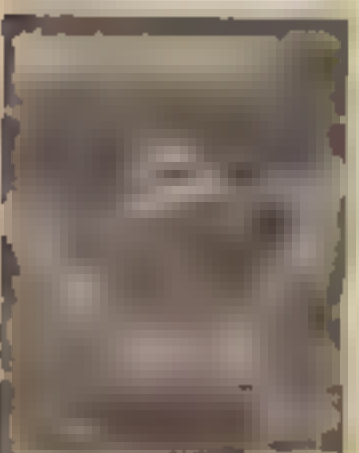
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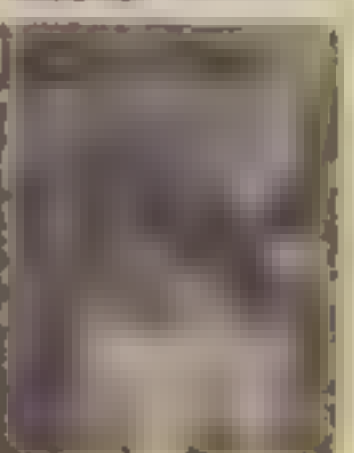
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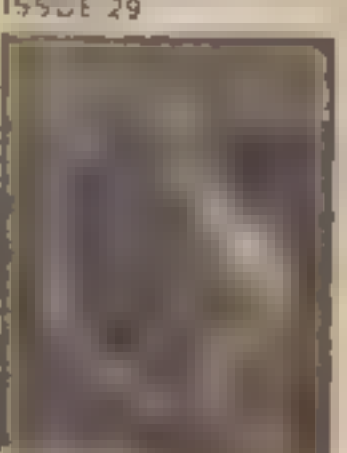
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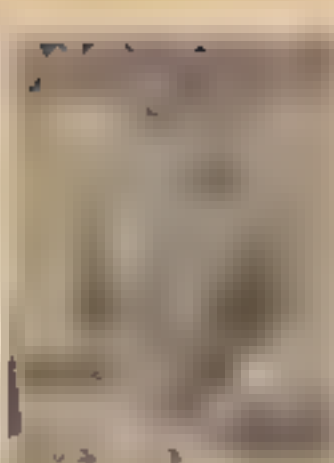
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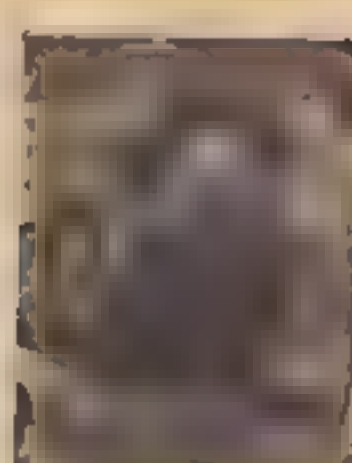
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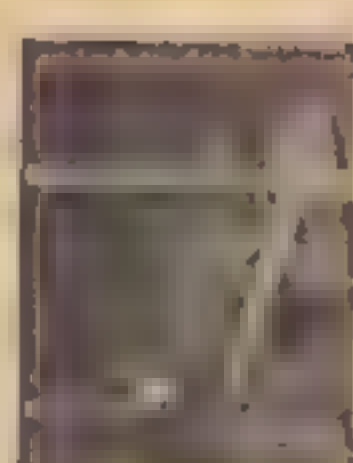
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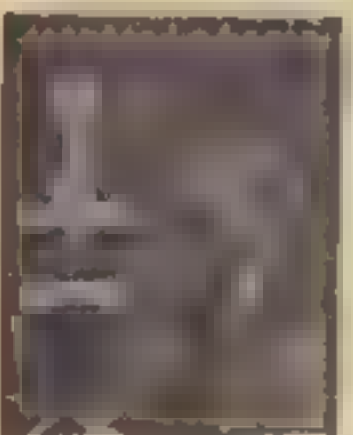
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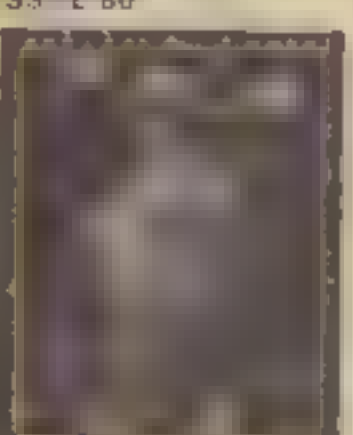
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BONDAGE BUDDY
Aryan master seeks hot bondage correspondence with men 25-35. I'll bind your body and mind with my words Box 4042

MISSISSIPPI

LEATHER SENSUALIST
Jackstrapper, novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training—exploring 5'8" 143# 41 yo 8½" Please Sir, convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality Box 3855

MS. GULF COAST

W M age 34, 5'11", 180 lbs. Seeks white slave for overnight heavy duty abuse hard whippings, piercing, F/F W S B. D. toys & anything else I might want. I'm respected to some degree. If you can't take it, don't reply. Safe discreet Box 4030

MISSOURI

A FEW GOOD MEN

The Training Center has moved into its new facility. Men with serious interest can experience physical training, confinement (padded available) and immobilization in a real, stimulating, or correctional atmosphere for weekend or week long sessions. Safe sane discreet and monitored situations are controlled by professionally trained personnel. Boot camp, stockade, POW, army, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing available. No FF drugs. S. M. pain references provided after commitment. Fee required. Applicant inquiries should include detailed physical and session description. Reply to: TRAINING CENTER, P.O. BOX 672, Brdgeton, MO 63044

2 EXTRA WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene have equipped playroom. Desc.

tion—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3831 Springfield, MO 65804

ST. LOUIS AREA

Elder guy, "dad" type experienced youth leader interested in young masculine trim "son" trainee to 30. You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets mine. Box 3872

S.E. MO. AREA

GWM 36—Like to be worshipped. Apply with letter and phone number Box 4035

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M bondage, ampis, flls, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip your way. Am 28, 5'9", 135# w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786, Conrad, MT 59425

NEW JERSEY

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

A number of slaves have written but no slave has been chosen yet, so now is the time to submit yourself your body and your application to this Master. Master is W/M, 45, 190# 6'2", hairy, straight acting and appearing. No nonsense type, but understanding of a slave's needs. You are W/M, 25-40, know how to behave, want to serve a Master on a permanent one to one basis, have a good body that enjoys a work up and want to live in the Master's house in the country. No drugs, flls or flls. This is the time for me and I'll be for you then get off your ass, get on your knees and do something about it. Write Box 291

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave

sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, tiltwork, kink. VA. No flls, flls, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs W M and hot. Box 3856

NEW MEXICO

EXASPERATION

Twenties, handsome, intelligent, hot hope to develop small circle of attractive, reliable, imaginative friends, a scenes, interests, photo or description Box 4025

NEW YORK

NYC/WORLDWIDE

Be stylish. Assume Correctional Custody of an intelligent, attractive, adult Anglo-Saxon, pukka bairman who'll stand at attention when not confined and securely restrained. Strict discipline and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction. Sir Tie me, try me. Appointments open for preliminary interrogation, plus imposition of nonjudicial punishment (Article 15 UCMJ) at Off. Hr. Box 3888

WANTED

Dominant New Wave punk (21-25) to fuck with my head (212)WJX-4707

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH

6'4"—big cock/deep ass serves as sexslave for anything-clean/dirty for W-master in boots/leather with full bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber/leather-licking dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine TT/SM/B&D/FF/toys Box 3870

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged muscular hung but submissive

biker, 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white, cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Strip, immobilize & manhandle this 5'7" 155# brown-haired BB whip my round white butt till it gows & fuck it, dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax, C&B/T. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your captive's hapless bod. Macho well-built leathermen only prefer 32-45. No WS, scat FF shaving drugs damage please. New to area your own workroom & camera are pluses. Phone phone get mine. Brad P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27, 5'6" 135 lbs uncut 7" with clean, smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for fun loving considerate friends who care about their bodys and want to look good without drugs and smoking. Reply with photo Box 3863

UP-STATE BOYISH

Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for sessions in Dungeon. No F.F. scat, drugs or overweights. Photo appreciated. Answered Box 3888

COMPOSER/AUTHOR

40 very quiet loner, seeks non-materialistic, truthful, helpful, mildly muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like for noble clean, non-viscious modest sexual relationship. Should like to cook. May eventually re-locate in rural California. Like motorcycles, small farming animals, quiet talks, spiritual energy, bodybuilding, natural foods (often in the Chinese style), balanced sane living and Haydn String Quartets. No drugs, alcohol or single's scene, please. Do not wish to be involved in the gay scene at all. Box 3881

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ng. Watch as my young, beautifully muscled body strains against your tight bonds, twisting, struggling as your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke my ticklish feet and pits, ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy. Write for hot action. Box 3880

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M W 29 180 Bodybuilder cop looking for unformed cop into any cop fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket MC cops turn on expect same. No scat FF. Blacks w/ arrest cock suckers or take on bootied cops reply with phone. Must have interest in scene. Uniform preferred. Box 3879

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master. You short, 18-40, tiny cock. Goal: huge nipples and pussy, possible marriage. No drunks, drugs, fats. Photo, phone. BW. Box 149, NY NY 10012

ASS SLAVE WANTED

W/M hairy Master 38, 5'7", 150, w/ own, train & punish the right dog-ass slave. Apply with rear photo, phone & needs. Box 3889

DRUMMER DADDY/TOF

(Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son/bottom for training and discipline. Must be masculine and serious. Letter/photo. Box 3876

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHFAG

And hang like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative bodybuilders, black dwarfs, deaf mutes and animals. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E. 11 St. NY NY 10003

G/W/M, 42, 5'8"

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be. Could you please help me Sir? Box 3891

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality, top/bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application. The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!

STUNNING BB

SPANKS MUSCLEBOYS

V handsome, powerful, dominant BB/gymnast, 42"ch, 29"wa, 5'10" healthconscious 32, gives medical examinations/obedience training to v defined cleanshaven, cut beautiful 18-25s, preferably gymnasts/dancers. Physique photograph & tel # essential. Box 6029, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150

LEAN, MEAN, FUCKIN' MACHINE
W/M 30ish 6' 150, 160# Br. Br wishes to contact those executive types, well over the 30 mark who find themselves straddled with one wife, two kids, two dogs, two cars, and one mortgage and who are subsequently looking for a pleasant deviation from the norm without the social stigma normally associated with same, and most importantly, who can appreciate this type of encounter without the necessity of prearranged role playing. If this description fits you, please contact (212) 672-1010, or write to Box 4033, NYC 10017. If you call on a Tuesday evening, be prepared for action that same night or save your dime! I do not book in advance. P. I. A. K. V. J. C.

CUBAN DADDY'S BOY

27 5'11" 145 Black hair Green eyes

Luban/Arab tan hairy moustache Lean hard swimmers body and very good looking French active Greek passive. Into most raunch. Live to sniff feet raunchy armpits. Ripe crotches jock straps foreskin rubbers, leather, uniforms, aroma, grass, w/s and especially getting fucked and drinking piss from the hose. Dad must be as tall or taller. Hung, intelligent, in shape while, really into golden showers and love to fuck. Looking for a real man who can appreciate and handle a super hot masculine male cunt. Flight attendant. Travel extensively. 171 West 23 St. #3C NYC, NY 10011. Photo a must.

TOTAL SLAVE REQUIRED

By W/M 34 6'2", 175, mustache hot if you were born to serve, and have the humility and courage to fulfill your destiny, write me immediately w/photo. Your limits will be expanded, and you will learn to worship my mind, body and boots without reserve. Box 3755

MUSCULAR SLAVE

Muscular submissive bodybuilder 32 yrs, 175 lbs, 5'10" 45 chest, 32 waist, hard muscled arms and pecs, erect nipples, hung, round hard butt, strong legs, dark hair, moustache, healthy, straight appearing, seeks dominant, take charge man into SM, obedience training, bondage, humiliation, verbal trips, man to man action. Hot manly attitude more important than looks. Slave travels often. Detailed ltr/photo. Box 890, 132 West 24th St. New York NY 10011

NYC, OR L.I.

CWM 35-57" 200 Beard slave Sir I'm looking for—satanic leather master into slave can serve & worship. You SIR into B&D WS bodyshaving FF and kinds of anal entry, enemas and other spurt, seek while master with beard. Age 25 to 40—How is look for slave totally submissive. I am able to endure

in moderate to heavy pain & ball torture, his work, body piercing, whipping, prolonged immobilization, Sir I am serious slave, who—graver punishment, abuse, humiliation & expects nothing but pain, torment and discomfort from serious master. How can balancing pleasure with pain. Send photo and orders J.H. P.O. 536 Long Beach NY NY 11561

W M 31 6' 180 lbs BB, masc B" seeks dom guy w/big dog. Serious only. Box 211 132 W 24th St, NYC NY 10011

NYC HOT KINKY COUPLE

Hot raunch scene w/other couple four some, switch, hot play both 30's hung, uncult wasp 6' 175 lbs total submissive Greek 5'10" 145 lbs Top/mutual No limits, ets exchange fantasies and reach new thrills. Cal Nixos or Billy 212-594-9382

ATTENTION FOOTSLAVES

Bondage slaves, obedient guys into serving or torture scenes. If you are muscular and ready to submit your w/l to a muscular 25 year old master, write a detailed letter describing how we you will serve. Travel OK. Box 4022

NY POLICE OLYMPICS

Albany bound? Uniform cop fantasies. 518-696-2900 (discrete) David P.O. Box 194 Lake Luzerne NY 12846

HOUSE SERVANT—

EXHIBITIONIST

W clean y apartment and serve drinks and meals stark naked, under your (and your guests) commands and supervision—slim young body, hung and uncult smooth round ass. Box 4033

SIR!

I am 24 5'10", 175, brn brn, good looking & well built. Into everything but FF and scat. You! Over 30 will ng to take control and show me who's really Boss



SEEING IS BELIEVING

Slave & Master Video announces three new videotapes that continue the exploration of the secret rituals of the SM dungeon.

FOOT FUCK

A gut-wrenching exhibition of assplay featuring Donut (seen in 'Everything But the Kitchen Sink'). Dr. Bob thrusts his hands, his arms, and finally his foot into Donut's voracious asshole.

CRIME DOES PAY

Shot live at the Fourth Street Adult Book Exchange in Cleveland, Ohio, this tape shows that taking your punishment can be better than escaping it. A shoplifter (Dr. Bob) is bound, whipped, cut, and burned by the unrelenting Leather Rick.

A WINTER'S

TAIL Shot live at the Bijou

The mazes, slings and gloryholes on the second floor of Chicago's infamous Bijou Theater are the setting of this film's scenes—including a film first: a double fisting. Two men, one atop the other, experience Dr. Bob's famous fists, as well as an assortment of toys.

All Slave and Master videos are produced by Inter-Vision Video, Inc., directed by Dave Nesor, with the participation of The Skule. These all-male tapes are in color, with full sound each running approximately 60 minutes. These tapes are rated X for mature adults only; they are not for the squeamish.

Price: \$85 each plus \$3 shipping (per order)

To order: Send a money order, cashier's check or VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date) plus \$3 for shipping, with your name and address, a statement that you are over 21, and whether you want VHS or Beta format. A free brochure describing other Slave and Master tapes, dealing with such specific areas of interest as fisting, piercing, and genitorfury, is available. (You must include a statement that you are over 21 when requesting this brochure.) Send order or request for a free brochure to:

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Who need enemas and Greek Wile T Gato 147 W 42 Street Room 603 New York 10036 Send nude photo

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MASTER WM 37
5'8" 170 lbs seeks son total body and toilet service you will be kept naked and chained, no limits, no excuses Apply phone and photo to Rock Ctr Sta 2138 NY NY 10185 When I call you will reply

WANTED: GOOD SEX & GOOD FEELS
Man, 45, 5'7" 157 well built warm bright, rugged good looks, bearded tattooed, big dicked creative, quite masculine, professionally employed comfortable in leather levis boots as well as suits & ties If your another man & fee, that we could get something going, I would like to hear from you Include phone # Write RCS PO Box 1064 New York NY 10022

R U JUICY BULL WHOSE VA
Converts this handsome white uncle 50 to fool lickin tongue bathin piss damp worshipin cocksucker? Box 76 Brooklyn NY 11230

FISTING SHAVING
And more Three W M 2 Lovers and brother Healthy slim, clean shaven versatile, youthful 5'8" seek similar partners 30's or younger Photo required Box 269, 70 Greenwich Ave NYC 10011

NORTH CAROLINA
GOOD HOT SEX
Sausbury, N.C., 36, 5'8", built well hairy uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine well built not fat well hung man That get into a hot ass & throat Toys dildoes, ass play most scenes except heavy pain & FF Answer all photo and phone answered first Come visit Piedmont, N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel Box 3801

OHIO
WANTED: GOOD SEX & GOOD FEELS
Good looking guy 22, 6'2", 180, seeks similar master Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box #236, Galloway, OH 43119

GWM, AGE 37
T RED OF BARS
And usual neilie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere Willing to serve right man Am Greek Passive and French A P and love to receive recycled beer Travel to NY and Chicago often Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please Box 3873

STRICT DADDY NEEDED
Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs, mid-30's smooth chest Daddy should be W M under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap and hot nipples for son to worship Reply Drummer Box No 3884

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA
51 yr old 160# 6'1" Looking for "Boy

who is hvy into Boot and Leather sub-servience No heavy pain, scat, torture Ph. evens unt 11 PM 513-423-5159

HUNGRY HOLE
W.M. 28, 6' 150 lbs, horny bottom Seeks hung leather topmen into fucking dildos, FF, TT bondage, spanking and paddles No fats, fems or scat Box 4028

OREGON
DOMINATE MALE
6' 175# seeks tr m w/m for B O S M interest important not experience Photo Box 3842

SLAVE
Seeks dominant leather Master into raunch humiliation and willing to try most scenes Letter & photo gets in re P.O. Box 19759, Port and 97219 S r l'm hot

UNCUT BOTTOM
32 140 lbs bearded, W S submission boots, leather scat Box 3871

COLLEGE BODYBUILDER
22 seeks hot leather/uniform topmen for fantasy fulfillment Photo and fantasy to Box 4034

NOVICE MASTER
Blond blue beard 8' 165 bs 34 hand some masculine seeks experienced or novice slave-son for monogamous relationship based on mutual trust and love Am into ass play dildoes, fucking enemas, bondage, spanking and its S&M No f t h. Lots of cuddling and affection also Slave must be bearded 21-35, goodlooking and tr m This is your chance to show me how to tie you up for life! Photo essential Box 4038

PENNSYLVANIA
HOT TOUGH YOUNG M
6'2", 170 lbs, 27 yrs 8 1/2", very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination and less fucking, ass play-toys, B&D, light S&M huge cocks- very deep throat Expand my limits as you see fit— S r J B 100 Denniston St Apt #12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX
I'm 30, 6', 170# br hair, gr eyes swimmers build straight appear jdkg, 8 1/2" cut, dig real men S&M CBT poppers J/O GR—FR a/p—rough wild & kinky sex J.C. P.O. Box 1454 Uniontown, Pa 15401

YOUNG STUD WANTED
Who's—into leather-B&D light S&M Must give me your mind as well as body I am W-6-175# All man Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys—Can't handle it don't answer just fuck off Box 3887

YOUNG STUD WANTED
PITTSBURGH AREA
Who's into leather B&D light S&M Must give me your mind as well as body I am W 6' 175# All man Have leather fuck room with racks, sling & toys Can't handle it, don't answer just fuck off Box 3887

WET PANTS
Small spots or totally soaked share interests with bearded W M 42 into W S in Levis W J answer a r who send pictures 2698 Harrisburg Pike, Lancaster PA 17601

LONEY, NOVICE FARMBOY
Looking for a hot dad to make me into his boy No experience but very willing to learn with the right man to guide me m 24, 155 lbs., 5'10" brown, green Smooth, slim body with a fat 6 1/2" cul cock You over 30 at east 6' 180 lbs Must be all man and own at least a 750cc scooter Only possessive fathers looking for a long lost son need reply Davie, P.O. Box 2264, Uniontown, PA 15401

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE

Well built 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups FF W/S and raunch welcome P.O. Box 8641 Cranston, Rhode Island 02910

SOUTH CAROLINA

SLAVE WANTED

Master, W.M. age 38, 6' 200# Seeks younger white (18+) Bottom slave Novices accepted Limits and discretion honored. Write with your scene P.O. Box 61113, Columbia SC 29260

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure through trust of discovering and sharing the louch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long slow mind-n-soul fuck n is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! 6ft 150 lbs 43 yrs., graying black hair, beard, and moustache with a natural, uncultured dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair holes, nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061

OKLAHOMA

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster wants sum slave for hot action. Limits expanded or

respected. Phone Rod at (918)665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jackoff!

TEXAS

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION

GWM 32 5'8", 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall athletic and aggressive I am slim, smooth defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please. Sir R.H.S. Box 270069 Houston Texas 77277

GWM AGE 45

New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878

PRISON RAPE

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish"! Box 3853

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Hot W.M. 37 6'1" 185 lbs, healthy professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene, but eager to learn. Seeks hot dominant Top, Master for B/D, CBT/T W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys V.A., etc. No FF scat, shaving Tx Louisiana NYC. Please send letter and photo Sir for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66971 Houston, Tx 77006

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG. Kai who's story appears in MACH 6. I

am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog. Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, kenne, operators or suppliers) who are into S/M. Objective goal - to found training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston Texas 77257-0791

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W/M NOVICE 30

interested in being "broken in" by Seattle area Master into a 1 but scat. Will answer all replies. Cal 206-329-1142 Days or midnight

LEATHERMAN/MASTER

W.M. 47 5'7", 145, black hair, mustache, muscular, into leather, boots uniforms, SM BD. WS Seeks sava/son. Reply with photo and your interests and limits. Box 3858

WISCONSIN

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28 year old w.m. master 6'0" 195, muscular, hairy chested. LEVEL HEADED is seeking a younger than master, cute, babyfaced, slim, smooth, hunky or well defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B.D., TT, CB/T, whipping (good and sound) and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No farts or heavies. Phone if appreciated. Athletic type studs especially. I am open minded. Race uniformant. Box 4890

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BOTTOM 38, 5'9" 160 LBS

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Wants to correspond, one day meal with patient understanding Master or readers of Drummer. I am submissive bottom guy 40, 5'10" 188 lbs. Red hair blue eyes 6 1/2 thick uncult cock. Toothless mouth. Box 3981

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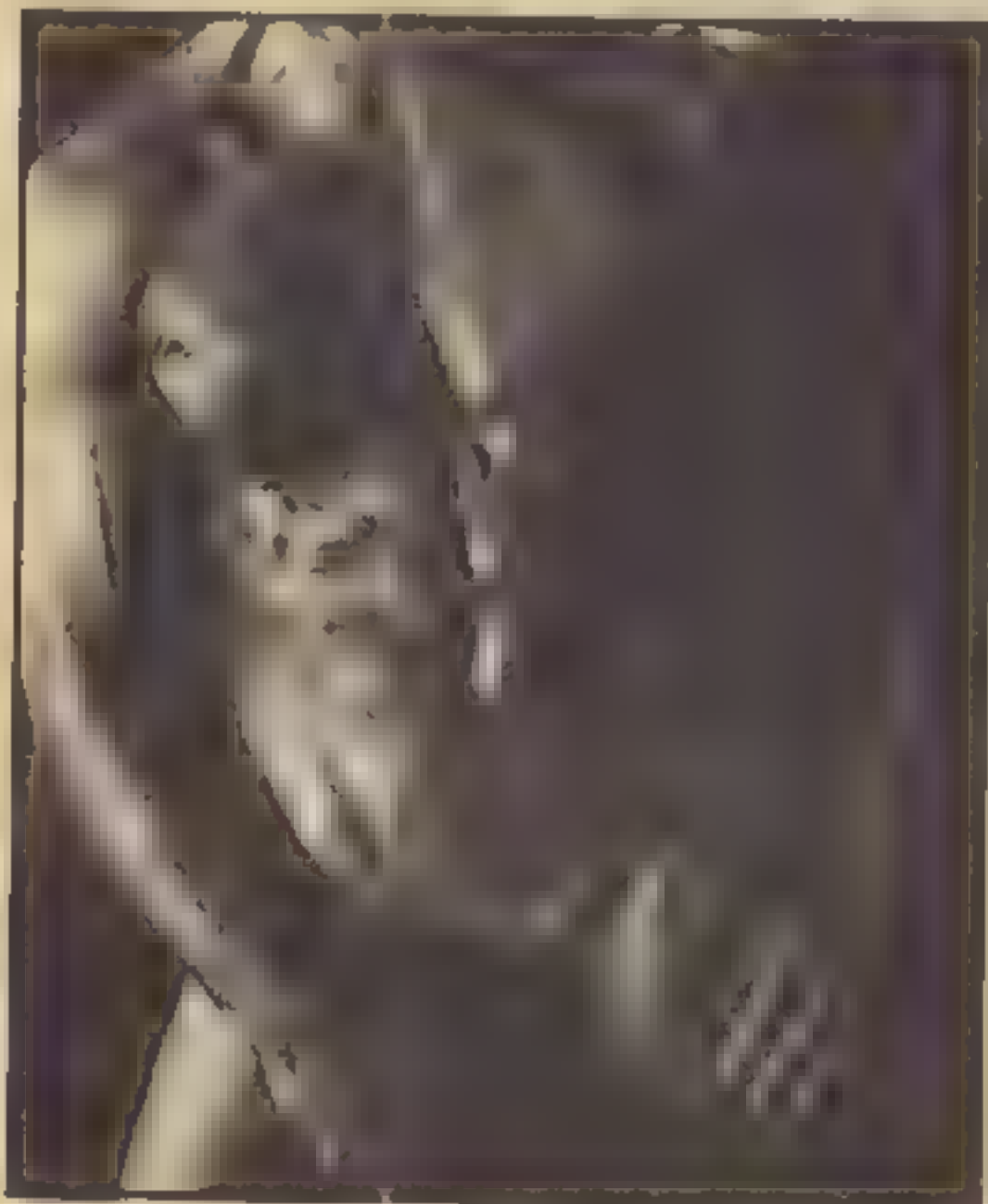
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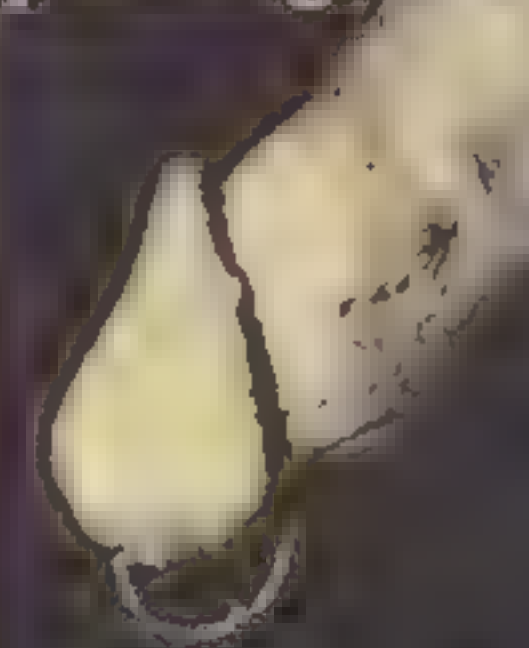
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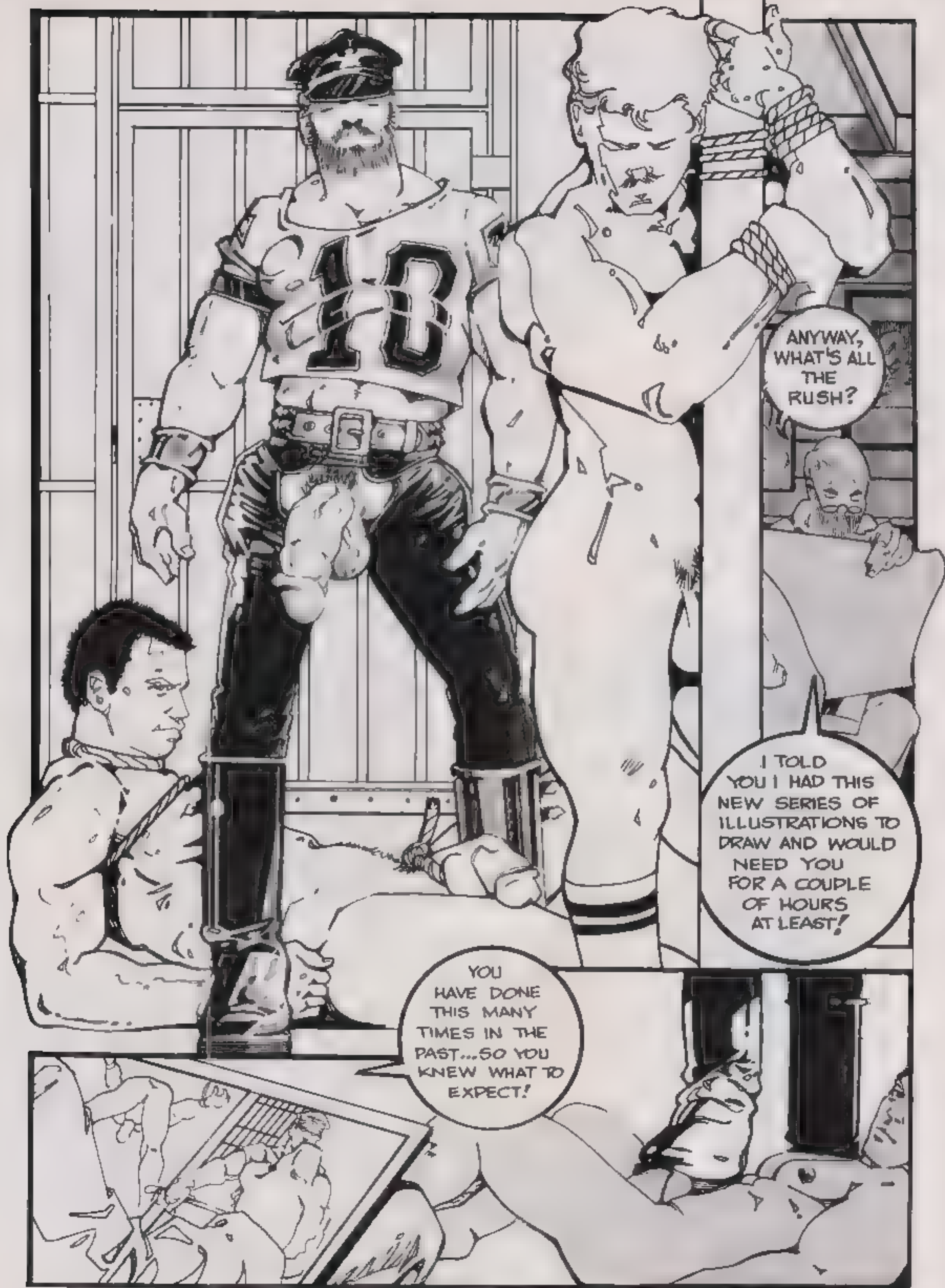
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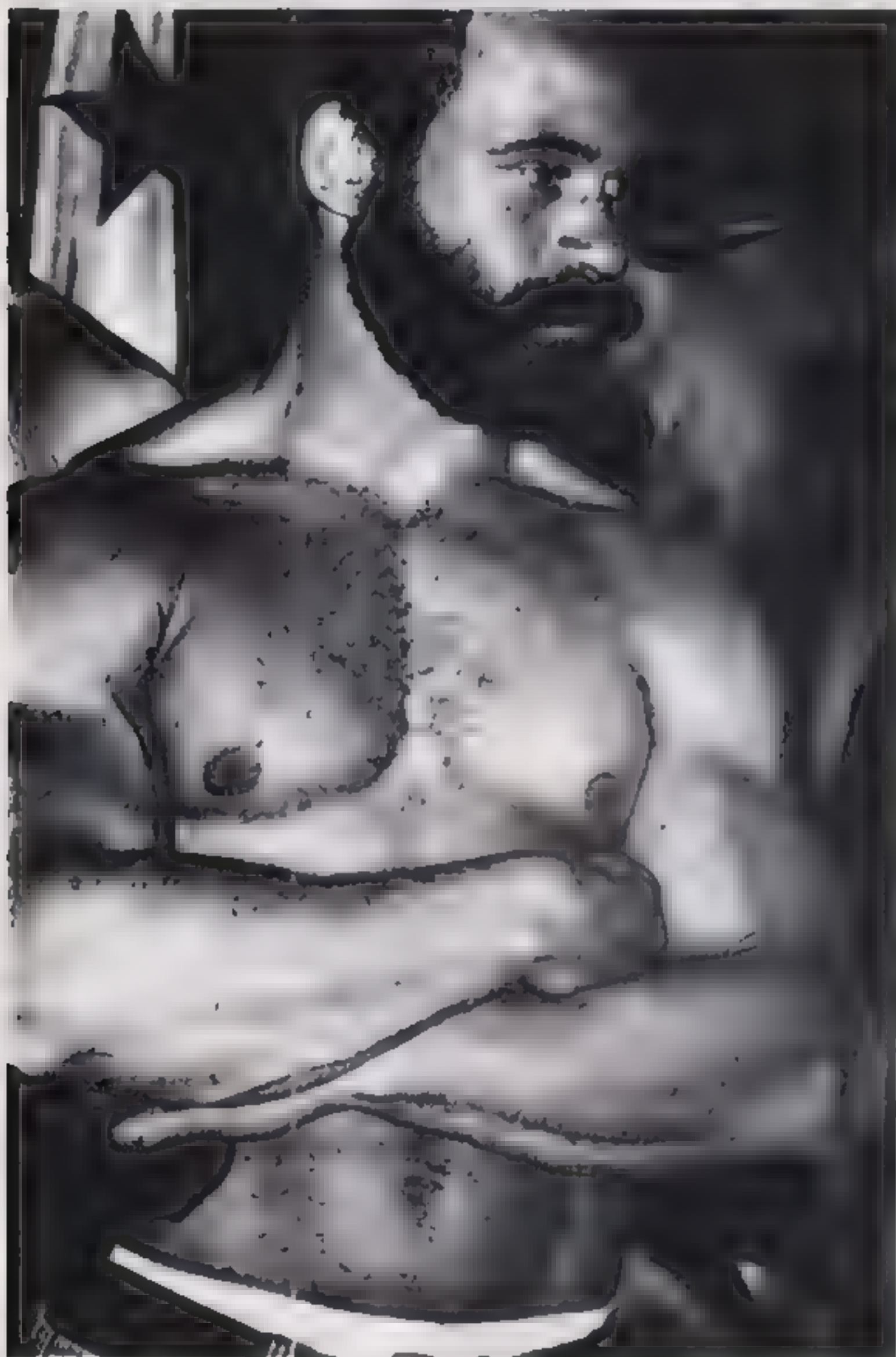
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DO ONE MORE
POSE THEN WE'LL
FINISH... I THINK I HAVE
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TO COMPLETE THE
DRAWINGS LATER



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NOW YOU CAN
TAKE ALL THE
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LIKE!



INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE



GOOD LORD! It's five down and seven to go—or double those figures, if you're counting by the individual pec—in the series of monthly Bare Chest contests at San Francisco's popular South of Market hangout, The Arena. This is Danny Lord, a much sought-after face (and form) known to sometimes frequent Castro and Folsom streets, and the winner of May's Bare Chest battle. Seven more winners, and The Arena will have its dozen models for a planned '85 calendar. Has Danny got the stuff that pin-ups are made of? You bet your pecs! Photo by Robert Pruzan

MR. DRUMMER 1984

By the time you read this, half of the 1984 Mr. Drummer regional titles will have been decided and the final half will be filling up the weekends between now

and June 23, when the 1984 Mr. Drummer Finals are held in San Francisco.

The ten regional title winners for this year will gather for a weekend of events culminating in the selection of Mr

Drummer 1984. While the contestants will arrive a few days early to begin rehearsals for the big event, the public will have its first opportunity to gander at these prime specimens of leatherdom at a special reception on Friday, June 22, at Chaps, San Francisco's most popular South of Market bar. The warehouse-like building, which has been the site of numerous celebrated events this year, will be filled to the rafters as the City meets the nation's top leathermen at a special presentation that includes a mega-leather fashion show by Leathersmith, created especially for the 1984 Mr. Drummer event. Additional surprise entertainment and guests are scheduled. The reception billed as *Sweet (Leather) Dreams...*, is open to the public. Chaps is located at 375 11th Street.

Meanwhile, back on the regional contest trail, here's the full line-up for 1984.

Mr. Southeast Drummer, Tacky's, Ft. Lauderdale, April 6 and 7. Special party at the Marlin Beach Hotel, Ft. Lauderdale.

Mr. Southern California Drummer, Greg's Blue Dot, Los Angeles, April 26 and 27.

Mr. Northern California Drummer, The Woods, Guerneville, April 27 through April 29.

Mr. Appalachian Drummer, Pittsburgh Trucking Company, Pittsburgh, April 28.

Mr. New England Drummer, Cycles Portland, Maine, May 6.

Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer, JR's Cell, Portland, Oregon, May 19.

Mr. Southern Drummer, Texas Drilling Company, Atlanta, May 27.

Mr. Midwest Drummer, A Man's World, Cleveland, June 9.

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer, Tracks (June 11) and The Tool box (June 13), Denver.

Mr. Southwest Drummer, The Loading Dock, Houston, June 15 through 17.

Mr. Drummer 1984 Regional Title Winners Reception, Chaps, San Francisco, June 22.

Mr. Drummer 1984 Finals, Trocadero Transfer, San Francisco, June 23.

The big night, June 23 at Trocadero Transfer, already promises to become the single most talked about leather event of the year. While last year's Mr. Drummer Finals went on to win local awards for excellence, this year's event, expected to sell out early, is designed to raise the level of leather events to a new all-time high. Tight security already surrounds the unique presentation planned for 1984...

Watch this space for all the results.



MR. SOUTH OF MARKET: Winners in the 1984 contest included (left to right) first runner-up Mike Schultz, second runner-up Miles Mitchell, and on top of everybody (call him Mister, mister), Mike Merriott. Photo by Robert Prizan



DRUM'S REAL DAD: Bill Ward, creator of *Drum*, in San Francisco. Photo by Jim Wigler

THE MAN BEHIND DRUM

The big news at the *Drummer* offices last month: A visit from British artist Bill Ward. Best known as the creator of the *Drum* comic strip that has appeared in *Drummer* since 1976, Ward's work has also been seen as illustrations to countless stories, on Leather Fraternity greeting cards and as posters. (While in town, Ward designed the official symbol for the Mr. *Drummer* 1984 contests.)

The visit was capped by a private party hosted by Robert Payne (where Ward talked shop with fellow artists Rex and A Jay) and a meet-the-artist party at The

Studstore, where Ward talked to fans and autographed copies of *The Erotic Art of Bill Ward* and the new *Adventures of Drum*.

And where was *Drum*? Back in London with his Dad, we assume, and probably up to no good...

MEN SOUTH OF MARKET

South of Market, San Francisco's haven for leathermen, chose its Mister in March at a capacity event held at Chaps. The winners, from top to bottom (no pun intended, unless the classification fits): Mister South of Market 1984, Mike Merri-

ott; first runner-up Mike Schultz; and second runner-up Miles Mitchell. (The frequency of M's in this grouping occurs purely by coincidence.)

A San Francisco affair, the contest brought together some big names in international leather—hosted by Bay Area members of Interchain, judged by a celebrity panel including Colt Thomas (International Mr. Leather 1983), with the Mr. South of Market title supplied courtesy of *Drummer* magazine.

Proceeds from the event went to the San Francisco AIDS Fund.

ARGONAUTS ON WHEELS

The Rocky Mountain Motorcycle Club, headquartered in Denver, announces its Golden Fleece Run XII, July 4-8. This year's poster and registration material carry the proud boast, "You'll never be the same!" (We've heard that line before...but sometimes it's true!)

GFR XIII kicks off on a Wednesday night with a beer bust at Triangle Denver, then moves to the mountains through Sunday noon—then winds up back in Denver with a chuckwagon feed at BJ's Carousel. In between, the Rocky Mountaineers will host an enduro run, motorcycle competition, buddy biker events, a scavenger hunt, a slave auction—all in a



CAPTURED! Jeb Greston, the 1984 Mr. Zeus, bound and ready for discipline...and (opposite page) looking a bit more relaxed, but still ready for action. A novel use of handcuffs. Photos by Zeus, exclusive to Drummer

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completely outdoor environment in a secluded campsite in Pike National Forest. Tent and sleeping bag are musts, sunscreen and warm clothing recommended (the campsite is 7500 feet above sea level, with hot days and cool nights).

All gay motorcycle enthusiasts over 21 are welcomed. Registration fees run from \$85 to \$110, depending on how early participants sign up. Registration forms and info. Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club, PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201

FROM A TO ZEUS

Once a year, Zeus Studios launches a search for the man to fill its annual Mister title. If you know Zeus Studios, you know the type of qualifications—he's got to have muscles of death and look great wrapped in about sixty feet of hemp (sooner or later, most Zeus men end up bound to the nines). This year's winner, chosen from a field of fifteen finalists, is Jeb Greston. He's got muscles of death. He looks good in leather...and even better tied up.

Finalists in the 1984 Mr. Zeus contest (held February 25 at Club Zephyr in Los Angeles) made two appearances before the judges and the understandably enthusiastic SRO audience. First came the fantasy trips, with outfits ranging from a traditional construction worker and leathermen to a Trojan (the warrior type, not the condom), a space-age barbarian and a tortured POW (who ended up with second place for his suffering). Judges included Larry Townsend (*Drummer's* Leather Notebook columnist), SM/bondage artist Cavelo, West Hollywood attorney Steve Kelber, Bart Bartelo of the L.A. Pleasure Chest, video producer Matt Sterling, and judges' foreman Ken Poe.

This is our first look at Jeb Greston, Mr. Zeus 1984; undoubtedly, it won't be the last. And, to keep our appetite whetted, Zeus promises that photos of the second-place winner—you remember, the tortured prisoner of war—are in the works.

For anybody interested in becoming the 1985 Mr. Zeus, the studio advises: "Just keep pumping to peak out in February, and we'll see you there..."

KUDZU'S COMING

The Leathermen/Atlanta announce their first annual run, scheduled for Labor Day weekend: *Kudzu*. (If you've never heard of kudzu, you've probably never eaten grits, either.)

The Leathermen/Atlanta, veterans of several runs (including Atlanta 4-Ways in 1981 and '82) held the first single club inter-city run in Atlanta last year on their fourth anniversary. For the Kudzu I run, the club is planning enduros, bike events, people events, picnics, bar games (Braves vs. Cubs), tours, a poker run, and a big send-off/wind-down bash poolside at the Club Baths in Atlanta.

Run fees for all four days range from



DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS



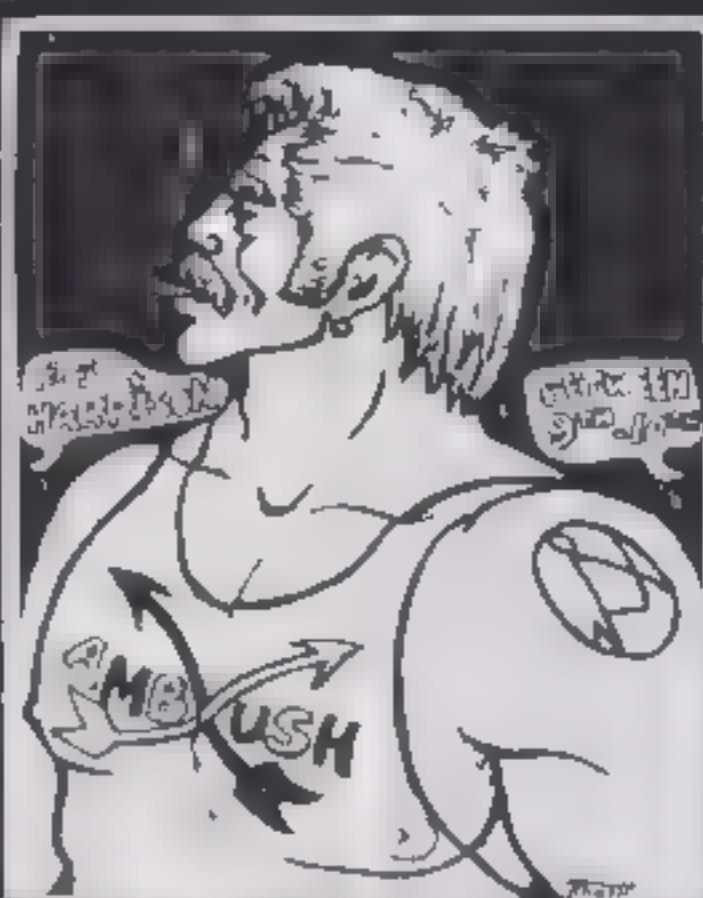
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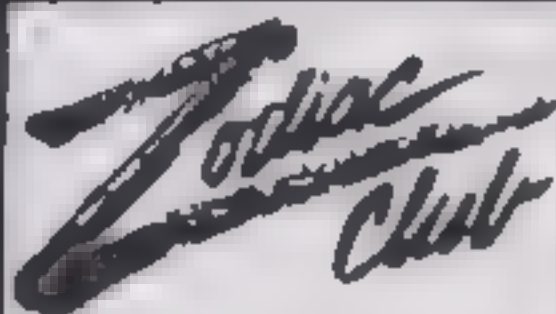


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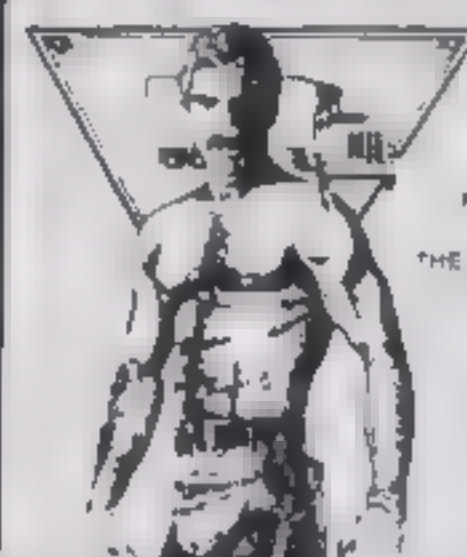


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BALTIC BATTLE VII: Tom of Finland rendered this multi-theme poster art (leather/military/cowboy/rubber) for the upcoming Baltic Battle '84, the seventh annual international gathering hosted by Swedish Leather Men of Stockholm

\$85 to \$105, depending on early registration; pin and T-shirt included in package. Limited housing is available on first-come basis. Info: L/A Kudzu I, PO Box 8595 Atlanta, GA 30306 (Attn: RAC) Or call: (404) 624-3664

FISTERS BORN AGAIN

What a way to celebrate Easter Sunday! The date was April 22; the place was the Triangle in Denver. The event was the first "Red Hanky Beer Bust" of the reorganized, refurbished, revitalized Knights of the Golden Eagle. Formed three years ago, the Knights claim to be "Denver's first organized fisting club." Dormant for a while, they're back on the scene; the Easter beer bust (Easter being the perfect date for a rousing revival) included, along with the predictable lowrinks, a Mr

Denver Daddy Contest

Upcoming Knights of the Golden Eagle events include a June 17 "Father's Day Beer Bust" at the Tool Box, featuring a Daddy's Boy contest "for the entertainment of all Denver's Daddy types," and a "Leather Summer Beer Bust," August 12 at the Triangle, highlighted by a contest to select the Hottest Harnessed Body. (Of course, it's hard to not be hot in the middle of August—but wearing a skimpy harness is probably the coolest way to do it.)

BALTIC BATTLE VII

SLM-Stockholm (Scandinavian Leather Men) is gearing up for its seventh annual international bash, The Baltic Battle. Hans Pettersson, elected President of SLM-Stockholm at the group's Annual Meeting in February, promises a "bigger and

better" fest than ever, scheduled over Whitsun weekend (June 8-11), a traditional time of year for European leathermen to gather. Swedish leathermen are also looking forward to Gay Liberation Week in Stockholm, August 13-19.

SLM-Stockholm meets weekly in a vaulted medieval cellar in Stockholm's Old Town district, each Friday from 2200 to 0300 hours. "Visitors are always enthusiastically welcomed," says Pettersson. "If the thermometer doesn't show you how hot it can get in Sweden, we certainly can!"

SLM-Stockholm also publishes a newsletter, *Tomsson*, which features leather art (lots of Tom of Finland), ads, an international calendar of European bike runs and club events, and regular columns like "Ditt & Datt" (This & That).

Information on the club, its newsletter, and Baltic Battle VII, SLM-Stockholm, Box 9239, S-102 73 Stockholm, Sweden.

FLORIDA FLASH!

This just in, from the Mr. Drummer Southeast contest. Held before capacity houses at Tacky's in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, over the weekend of April 6 and 7, the first big event in the countdown to Mr. Drummer '84 found Miami leatherman Ken Bergquist taking the title of Mr. Drummer Southeast.

Ken's on-stage fantasy (along with his solid musculature and winning smile) may have had something to do with his selection. Appearing in full leather, he ordered three audience members onto the stage to do his bidding—along with boot-licking and groveling, one of the volunteer slaves demonstrated the fine art of unzipping Master Bergquist's fly using only his teeth.

Another highlight: The final performance of 1983's Mr. Drummer Southeast David Earl Lee. While Lee sat back and relaxed in typical Southern Gentleman style, he put his slave through some rigorous paces, making the sweating bottom demonstrate the kind of intense training Lee put himself through last year to prepare for the Mr. Drummer Finals—sit-ups, push-ups, squats. A demonstration of SM show-and-tell, with true style.

Be here next issue, when *Drummer* will feature photos of Ken Bergquist and the other contestants in the Mr. Drummer Southeast contest, plus more on the regional contests now in progress.

SUBMIT!

International Leather Scene is our effort to keep *Drummer* readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the U.S., Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere. Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Submit press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to International Leather Scene, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.



GIVE HER A HAND: Eartha Kitt wows the crowd at The Woods.

THEY'RE OFF AND RUNNING

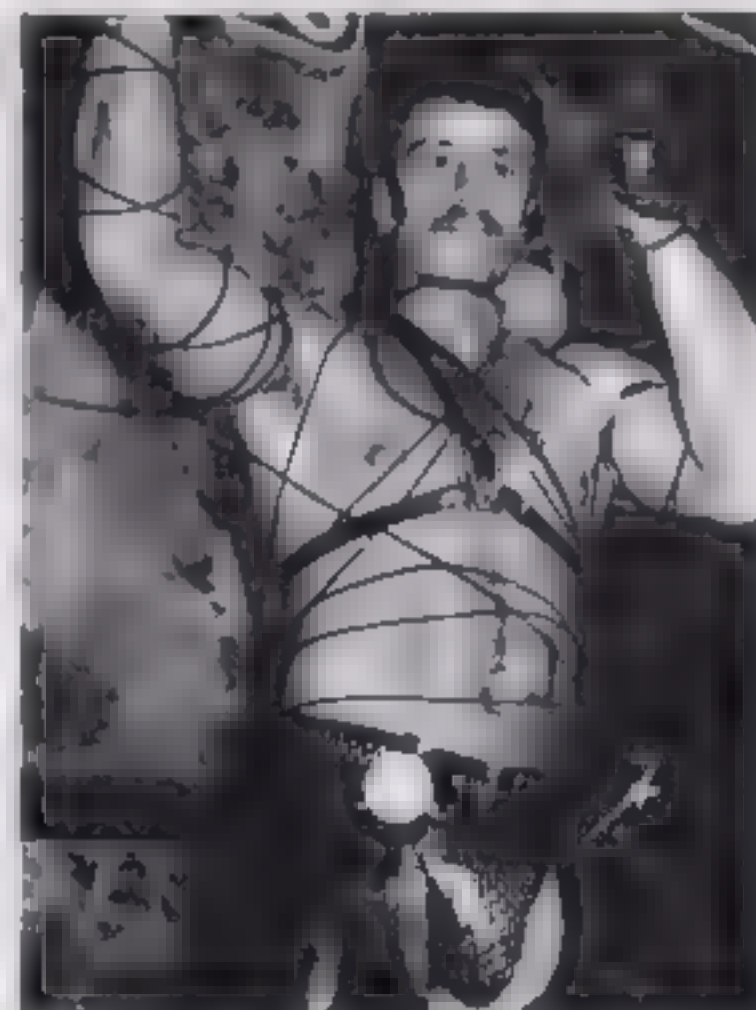
Mr. Northern California Drummer Emerges From a Wild Weekend at The Woods

As the competition for Mr. Drummer '84 began, so did this year's excitement. The Mr. Southeast Drummer contest, held at Tacky's in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, played to capacity crowds and produced a topnotch winner, Ken Bergquist (see "Florida Flash!").



LEATHERMEN GET DOWN: The buns belong to First Runner-Up Patrick Toner.

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STRAPPED: Patrick Toner had it wrapped up—almost—with this offbeat presentation.



VICTORY STANCE: The spoils included an anatomically-correct Cabbage Patch Doll.

item under International Leather Scene page 81). The same is true of Mr. Southern California Drummer in Los Angeles and Mr. Appalachian Drummer in Pittsburgh. Photo material on those contests had not arrived prior to this publication, but we have just survived the Northern California Mr. Drummer weekend at the Woods Resort on the Russian River. We made over these two pages at the last minute to let you know what is happening.

It was the biggest Drummer weekend to date for the Woods. Most of Guerneville as well, was filled with the big weekend crowd. Ten exceptional candidates suffered through three days and nights with show-stopping appearances on stage and at poolside.

Eartha Kitt dropped in Saturday night direct from her appearance for the San Francisco Symphony, on her way to an engagement the following day in London. The crowd went wild and Miss Kitt became a bit apprehensive as she realized the only thing between her and the roaring, cheering audience were ten semi-clad contestants who were to act as bodyguards. She grabbed one of them (who turned out to be the winner) by his chains and sang part of her hit song to him, then gave him a playful shove off the stage into the audience. Everyone survived, including Eartha. Said she as she was being escorted to her limo outside: 'You guys are somethin' else!'

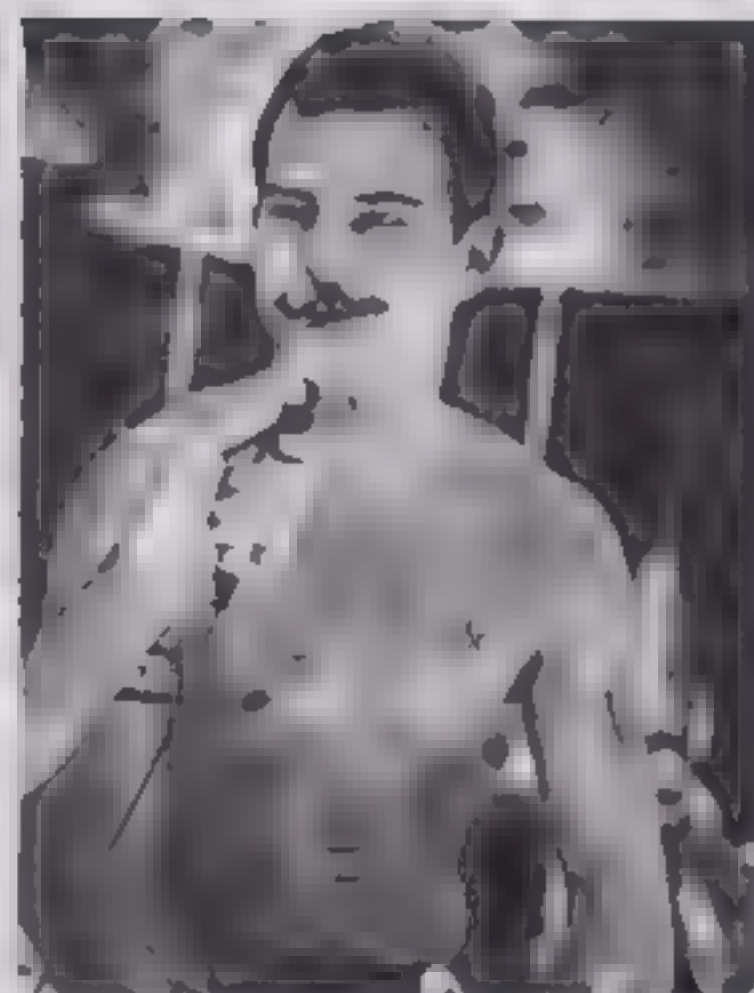
There were three bailotings, with which the judges agreed wholeheartedly. Mr. Northern California Drummer this year was an ecstatic Sonny Cline, who will face the finals in San Francisco at the Drummer Anniversary bash at the Trocadero Transfer during Gay Pride weekend, June 23.

Next month there will be much more to show you.

Photography: Robert Pruzan



THE NIGHT AFTER: Sonny Cline takes to the trees.



TATTOOS: Sonny Cline, 1984 Mr. Northern California Drummer.



TOP MEN: Contestants Will Tucker and Alex Miller, with S. S. Cline and First Runner Up Patrick Toner. Photo: Project 6



POOLSIDE: A rare shot of the contestants out of leather.

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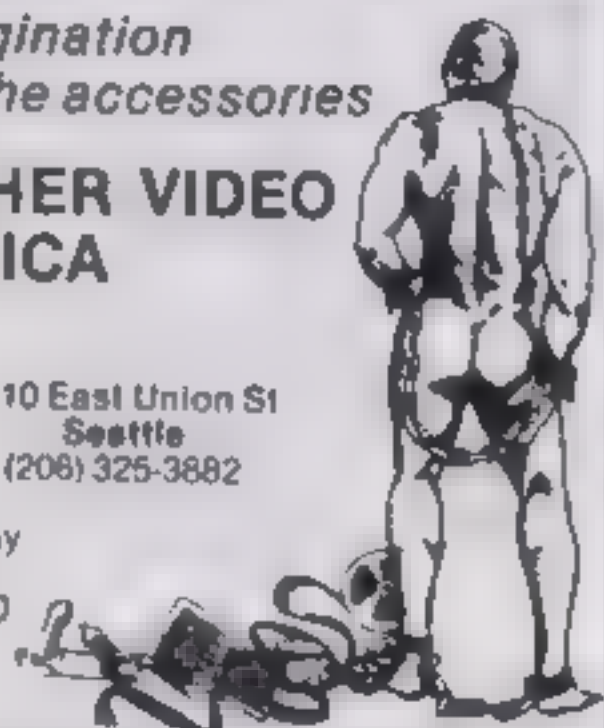
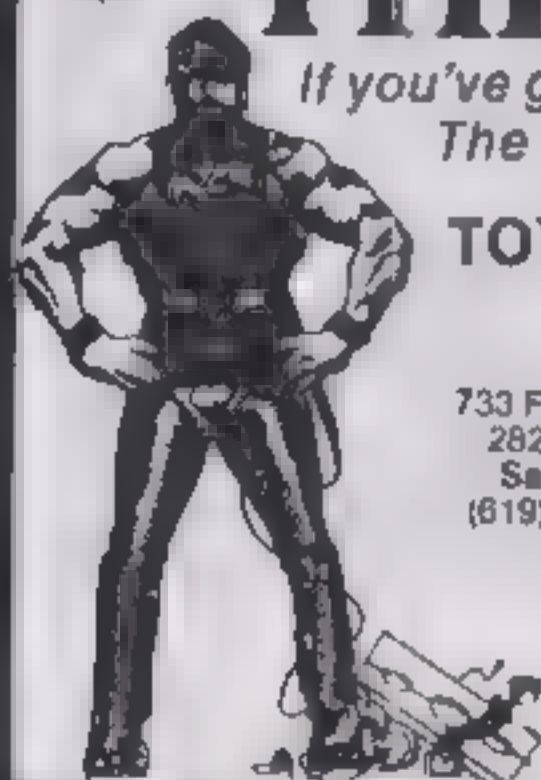
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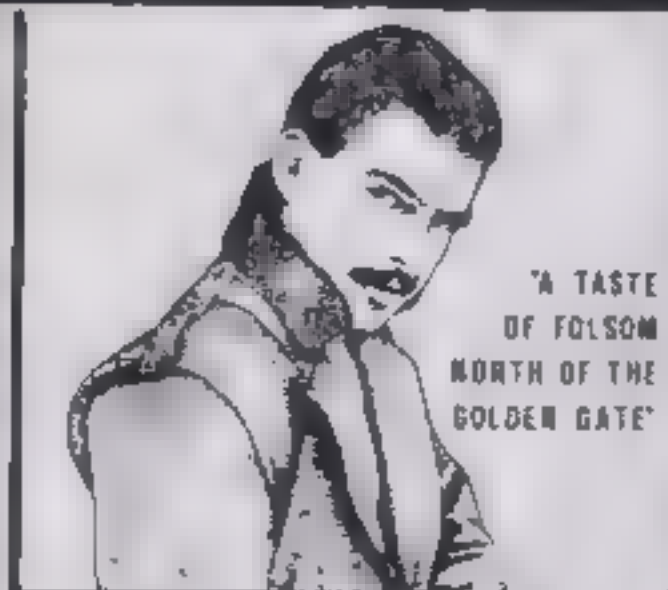


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DRUM MEDIA

VIDEO

HITCHCOCK GETS HARD CORE

It had to happen. Newest in the series of titles from Slave and Master Video is Dave Nesor's hour-long drama-ette, *Crime Does Pay*, the traditional foundation of Nesor's authentic SM action combined with a short story to produce what will obviously be the new trend from the ballsy and innovative company.

This is what *Crime Does Pay* is about: In an adult bookstore in a major metropolitan city a young man comes through the door, eyes darting to check out the layout, passes inspection from the man

Crime Does Pay, directed by Dave Nesor, Slave and Master Video Productions, 1984; starring Donut, Leather Rick, features entire cast; 60 minutes, color/sound, Beta/VHS, \$85 (\$3 postage/handling), signed statement required S&M Video, 1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

behind the counter—and the heavy-leather giant talking to the man behind the counter. He strolls over to a magazine rack and, thinking no one sees him, slips a magazine under his coat.

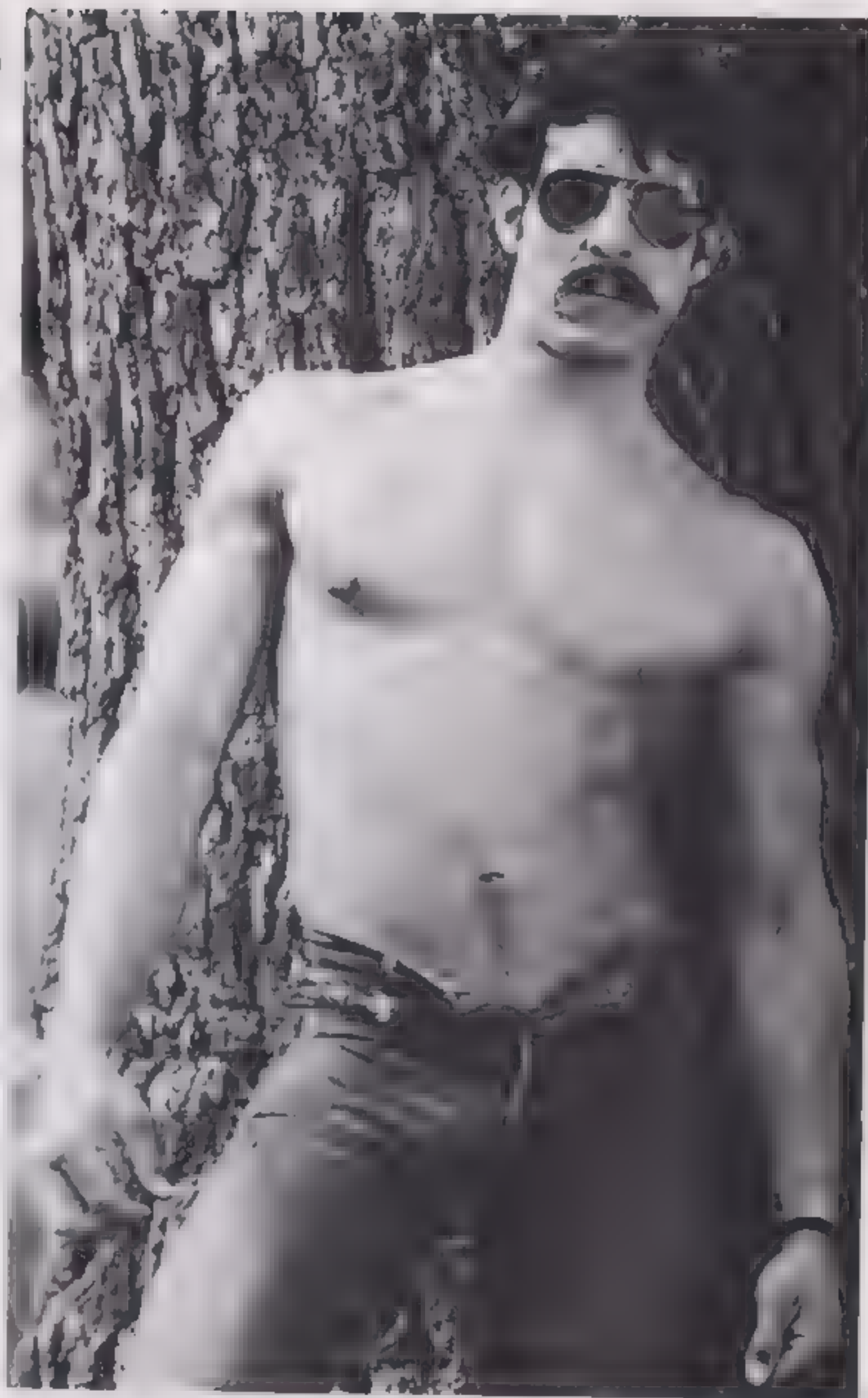
Well, guess what—he's seen by the man behind the counter (and the man talking to the man behind the counter). As he turns to leave, the heavy-leather giant (played by Leather Rick) grabs him by the arm and wrenches the magazine free. The man behind the counter motions for Leather Rick to take care of the shoplifter, which means dragging his ass in the backroom (a combination light-industrial shop and storage area).

Leather Rick could have been one of the original storm troopers of the Third Reich. Or a cop from Detroit. He's merciless in slamming the young offender around. He grabs the young snot's arms, yanks them over his head, chains him to a convenient overhang, then rips his clothes off. All the while calling him all kinds of worthless asshole.

Once Leather Rick has the helpless criminal-turned-victim strung up, there are few options other than complete submission. Rick favors the short whip (also the fist, the paddle, the knife, and anything else he can find). He tends towards extremely uncomfortable restraints—like wrapping the body up in chain and securing it with two dozen or more padlocks.

But while Rick is venting rage on the helpless shoplifter, something slightly strange happens: two other guys come in and engage in their own shadow-play of unrestrained discipline. One of the two new cast members is Donut (of the bottomless pit)—it is claimed there isn't anything he can't take up his ass. His tormentor feeds him some cock, then ties him up, pulls his pants down, and shoves an oversized dildo up his ass.

None of this stops Leather Rick (or even gets his attention). He continues flailing



VIDEO Malo makes waves in the generally placid Dune Buddies.

away at the crying, screaming, bruised, dancing figure in front of him. These two set pieces play themselves out independent of each other.

At one point Leather Rick steps back, pulls his cock out of his jeans, and pisses on the shoplifter, hosing him down from head to toe. Then he gets back to serious beating; soon the shoplifter "dances" so hard that he breaks his restraints and falls into a simpering heap on the floor. Leather Rick, never losing his cool for a minute, grabs some long red candles and shoves them into his victim's orifices...after he lights them, of course. A

sprinkle of melted wax dripped onto tender beaten skin just brings more cries of anguish.

Meanwhile, across the room, Donut has been untied, stood up, walked to a post, retied; his captor beats him across the back afresh.

What do these two seemingly unconnected scenarios have in common? Why are both events happening in the same place at the same time with no apparent relationship? Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

An hour after dragging the shoplifter into this instant chamber of horrors,

Leather Rick kicks him out, foot-in-ass, admonishing him to never shoplift in this store again!

How much you wanna bet he'll be back next week, looking for more of the same?

Crime Does Pay brings Dave Nesor to the crest of his form as a new director, having moved from a nearly *cinema verite* style with his early works (*Everything But The Kitchen Sink*, *The Pain Down Below*) through experiments with sustained narrative (the *The Terrible Trilogy*) to this structured, if still highly *avant garde* mini-drama. Given a bigger budget, a larger cast... Dave Nesor is destined to create the first SM Movie-of-the-Week.

LIVES OF THE VERY

At this point I'd watch Malo... hail a taxi. Whoever he is in real life, whatever his last name (or his real name), Malo is still the most underrated of the porn stars of the '70s.

So it is with some sorrow I report that *Dune Buddies* is not my all-time favorite Malo film. Right after his stunning performance in *A Night at the Adonis*, Malo

Dune Buddies, directed by Jack Deveau, 1978 (film), 1983 (video), stars Malo, Larry Paige, Matt Harper (With Seegers), Myles Longue (Ed Wiley); 75 minutes, color/sound Beta/VHS \$69 (\$3 shipping), signed statement required. Hand in Hand Films, 240 West 73rd Street, Suite 1701, New York, NY 10023.

headed an abundant and impressive cast in Jack Deveau's saga of the very chic looking for some meaning to life on New York's infamous resort, Fire Island.

I remember hearing what I actually considered to be horror stories about how ribbon-clerk-type gays would go without seats at the ballet all year just to splurge on a week or two (or a weekend or two) renting a house on Fire Island in search of Mr. Right—or at least the lay of a lifetime (you know, the guy with the muscles of Conan and the dick of death). Very similar to the annual trek of the Jewish American Princesses to The Catskills. Or the professional secretaries summer on the Love Boat cruises. I always had a hard time understanding what on earth could be so "super" about a vacation spent among peers (usually from one's own neighborhood) taken at such expense for such a short time. Can't you find everything worth having on Fire Island any night at the Adonis... sans the sandfleas?

Of course, if I really believed that Malo had rented a house for the season on Fire Island (allegedly so he could get a rest from the hectic sexual and social life of the city), the Coast Guard couldn't keep me away!

Malo plays Paul Hazard, a New York City drama coach who feels he is "led through life by the cock." Paul rents a house on Fire Island with the sole intention of getting away from it all—which includes an unrequited love affair he is having with one of his students, Dennis

BB DRUMMER

QUICKIES

Although it's been a year since Caballero Control Corporation introduced stereo to adult video cassettes, the first gay video in stereo has just been released: William Higgins' *Cousins*. Theoretically, a stereo tape should sound better even on a non-stereo video player and television, but the concept is best suited to a stereo (or Hi-Fi) video player and a television with stereo speakers. An original music score by Costello Presley was added to enhance the sound presentation of this release from prolific Higgins. Too bad so much care didn't go into the story of *Cousins* itself, which, like last year's hit *Sailor in the Wild*, is about bringing out straight boys. The device here is that the targets are seduced by their cousins. Not a bad device, but it lacks the narrative edge of *Sailor in the Wild*, where the seductions themselves had social as well as sexual impact. Still, there are more than a few high points in this story (and, also as in *Sailor*, lots of locations and scene changes). Best moments: when Matt Ramsey is seduced while asleep by his cousin, and a four-way towards the end when Ramsey gets fucked in the ass for the first time and shouts "Fuck me! Hurt me!" Technical quality: Superb. Cast: A dozen young hunks, although Matt Ramsey steals every scene he's in. Sound: Well, there's got to be a better use for stereo.

If any new video production should get a prize for worst use of spotlights in history, it would have to go, hands down, to Rollo Productions' *Giants: Part One*. This is a two-color production: glaring white and glaring pink (and sometimes they're used together to create yet a third color, washed-out pinkish-white). They should also get marks for the worst casting in recent history. Oh, there are some real superstars in this



KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY: Matt Ramsey gets relief from Scott Roberts in *Cousins*.

production. In fact, this project is from the give-'em-big-dicks-never-mind-anything-else school of porn making. Lee Ryder (looking leaner than ever... or was it the light?), Eric Ryan (the only interesting item in this mindless project, more handsome than ever, and his talents never before so completely wasted), Rick Donovan (a year older but no more skilled than when he plowed into Leo Ford in *Sailor in the Wild*), Jeremy Scott (unfortunately, this is his comeback role), and on and on and on. One set: a brass bed in an empty room. One device: someone is planning to make a porn film and suggests these pairings to someone else. Rotten music, rotten photography, and the abovementioned horrid light design. This isn't new wave. *Giants: Part One* ends with endless previews of *Giants: Part Two*, some of which are scenes you've already seen in *Giants: Part One*. Figure that out. I did. This is a lame attempt to cash in on such worthwhile hits as *Huge One*, *Huge Two* and *A Matter of Size*. *Giants*... get it?

Coming, and well worth the wait—Steve Scott's newest, *Non-Stop*, from Trophy Video, about bi-coastal sex, Michael Zen's long overdue sequel to *Falconhead*, called either *Maneaters*, *Falconhead II* or *Maneater: Falconhead II* (whichever title, destined to be talked about if not downright debated)... and see the legendary falcon-headed figure unmasked. Paul Baressi is featured. A book of stills from the film/video (both may be released at once) has already been published by Zeus. Adam and Company's second video is about the circus and foreskins; an obviously logical connection will surface. Coming from Rollo Productions' *X-tra Large*, starring most of the cast of *Giants One & Two*, and about the making of a porn film... wait, doesn't this sound... familiar?

(played by hunky Larry Paige)

Malo narrates this story via a voice over that runs through all but the scenes in which he doesn't appear. Day one on the island he finds that Dennis has already broken into his retreat and is passed out on the bed grasping a large but empty bottle of champagne. No sooner does he stir the semi-conscious Dennis, who is determined to get between Paul's legs—teacher/student prohibitions notwithstanding—than the phone rings. It's Gordon (Hugh Allen), a twinkie Paul has met sometime, somewhere. Softie that Paul is, he lets Gordon, who really means nothing to him emotionally, invite himself out to the island. Paul sets off to meet Gordon at the docks. Dennis takes a walk in the great sandy backyard wearing only a T-shirt, then takes an outdoor shower and brings off, with his hand, what Paul aborted in answering the telephone.

It's a forty minute walk from Paul's house to the dock, much too much time for Gordon to have on his hands. When Paul gets to the meeting place, Gordon is already gone, whisked away by John (Matt Harper), who has offered the island visitor a ride in his boat. Gordon pays for the ride by dropping his pants.

Paul, realizing that Gordon is not at the landing and—maybe, just maybe—might have changed his mind about coming, starts back home. On the way, Ed, the real estate agent who rented Paul the house, captures him mid-path and entreats his presence for a few minutes. Paul, anxious to get back to Dennis, procrastinates but finally relents. The reason for the urgency is revealed in Ed's living room: Guido and Ugo, two Latin numbers Ed has lured out to the island with enticements of wild sex and libertinage. Paul is the fly in the spider's web. For half the night, half-drunk, Paul keeps trying to leave. Just one more blow job, *senor!* Just another ride up this smooth, hairless, Latin ass, *senor!* Just one more orgasm, *senor!* I told you Malo was a softie.

Meanwhile, Dennis and Gordon have met (Gordon found his own way to the house). It's not the cat-fight from *All About Eve* you might have expected.

Finally Paul manages to get his pants back up around his waist and stumbles out into the night. Midway home he sees a beach camper in a tent laid back and stroking the biggest dick in this story. Malo, always interested in the roots of such gigantic proportions, creeps toward the light-filled canvas tee-pee. A noise (in his intoxicated state, Malo falls all over himself), and Kevin (Ed Wiley under the name Myles Longue) darts out of the tent, rod at complete attention. Are you hurt? (It's the question I'd ask!) Let me pull down your pants and get a better look at your leg (I told you, this boy's no dummy). Guess what, super-receptive hunk Malo gets super-endowed hunk Ed Wiley to fill all of his cavities. Such a tiresome existence.

Eventually Paul makes it back to his house. Gordon has conquered and split. Dennis has that extremely contented look of satisfaction all over his face. Paul shakes his head clear and realizes that life on this less-than-desolate island is too much for his nerves. He gives the house and keys to Dennis, wishes him a happy summer, and heads back to the city for some peace and quiet. End of adventure.

This is a lightweight story and is filled with equally lightweight sex. While it has the advantage of Malo in his longest role (per screen time), it is not his sexiest. He drops his pants but rarely takes them off—and he shares sex time on the screen with a large cast. So, if you're looking for a Malo tribute, look elsewhere. But if you like the light-handed touch Deveau brought to *Hot House*, you'll find *Dune Buddies* in the same vein.

Good film-to-video transfer, great sound, slick direction, well-rounded characterizations. The intensity in the filming of the sex scenes might be less than desirable (the camera's perspective doesn't always seem to hit the mark). Overall, airy and fluffy, like a sheet spread on the sand on a beach on... Fire Island?

PALE BLUE SUIT: COOL

If you've ever wondered about David Bowie, wonder no more. He is, without question, the single most important influence on contemporary music and culture. Forget the deities of the past; the Buddy Holly, the John Paul George, Ringo, the Mick Jagger, the Jim Morrison, the Janis Joplin. Forget the children of tonight; the Boy George, the Laurie Anderson. Forget the pioneers; the Erte, the

Serious Moonlight, directed by David Mallet, starring David Bowie, 1984, Media Home Entertainment; 90 minutes; color/sound, \$39.95, Beta/VHS (available in stereo/HIFI)

Picasso, the John Cage (find a category for him, please!). Forget everything, erase all memory. Stop, sit down, open your eyes and ears, look and listen. Slip *Serious Moonlight* into your VCR, lock the door, turn out the lights, take the phone off the hook, forget your job, your mortgage, your commitment to the world. This is the beginning, the middle, and the end.

Of all the characters David Bowie has created—Ziggy Stardust, Major Tom, Aladdin Sane, the Alien, the Berliner—only this remains: the man on stage in a pale blue suit, cool and detached, hot with passion and power, chic and careful, hip and holy. The real David Bowie, like a pastel wet dream come back for the second night; crooning and seducing with a pout and a smile; coaxing you out of your bed and onto the bedroom floor; lifting your arms for you, moving your feet, making you grin and flush and pant; telling you what you've always suspected, that he knows more about what turns you on than a raft of lovers on a moonlit night.

Filmed nearly entirely on stage during

the 1983 *Serious Moonlight* tour, this 90-minute program (30 minutes longer than the version that was shown on HBO) is the essence of David Bowie. By capturing the man himself, stripped of all techno and glitter trappings, by concentrating on the style and delivery, on the words and music, on the stripped-down performer—something awesome happens, something staggering fills your eyes and ears. You are in the presence of a supernova at the exact zenith, the event horizon obscured beyond recognition—no past, no present, no future; just one endless blinding light.

The nineteen songs performed on stage during this concert tape range from the legendary "Space Oddity" to the astounding "Let's Dance"—performed here like never before (and hearing it otherwise will never be the same). The same could be said for these live versions of "Fashion" (an overlooked gem from 1980) and "Young Americans"; these new readings bring line-by-line insights that, while not canceling out whatever made you listen in the first place, open the songs up tremendously.

In "China Girl," Bowie's most revolutionary new lyric, the stage version is much more a direct-hit in terms of narrative since everything depends on the way the lyrics are fused to the music by Bowie's voice and stance. It is only in "Cat People" that there is anything less than perfection. But admittedly the fault with "Cat People" may be in the song. Shortened for the film of the same name for which it was the theme song, Bowie's soundtrack voice and version is the coolest version. On the *Let's Dance* album, where it shows up again, it's admittedly a frantic mess. Staged to the hilt (as much hilt as you can get with lights) for *Serious Moonlight*, "Cat People" still comes across frantic and furious, albeit still much different. Given that not even Susan Anton could make it work for the 1982 Academy Awards Show (maybe the worst version ever), it could be that "Cat People," for all its brilliance, needs to be shelved. Still, Bowie has the power, in *Serious Moonlight*, to command another listening.

The absolute high point of *Serious Moonlight* comes with the aforementioned "Let's Dance," the ultimate "death of rock and roll" song (Jim Morrison's "The End" notwithstanding)—delivered in a powerhouse doomsday style that stays with you for the duration of the concert—if not the rest of the day, or the rest of your life.

Serious Moonlight is the finest rock concert film ever made; it far surpasses even the Rolling Stones' brilliant *Let's Spend the Night Together*. And if you've never imagined that you'd even want to own a rock video, then you're missing one of the most highly-charged sexual and spiritual experiences on video tape.

—John W. Rowberry

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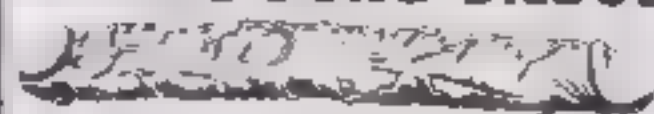


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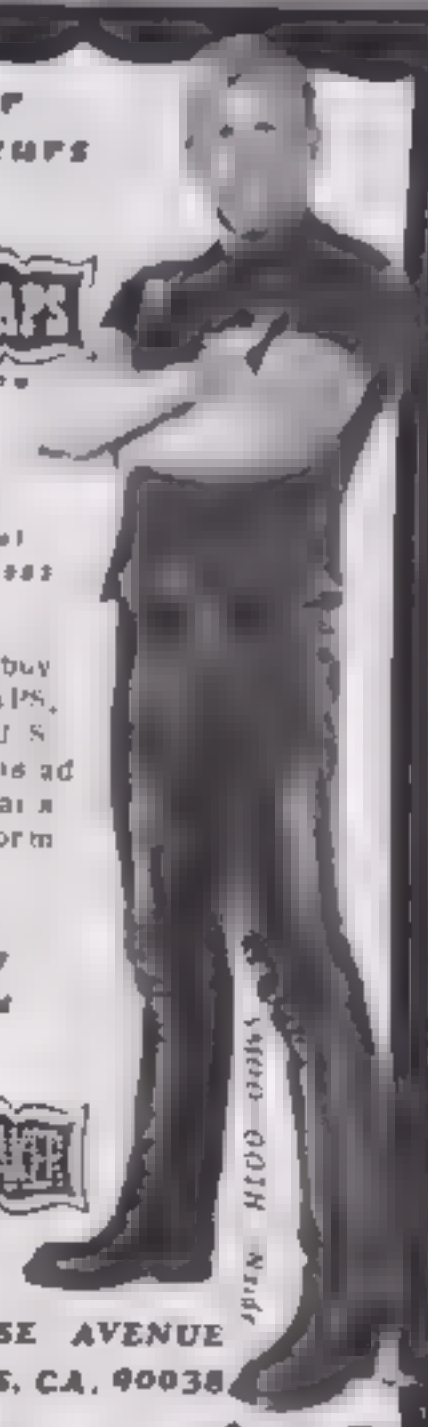
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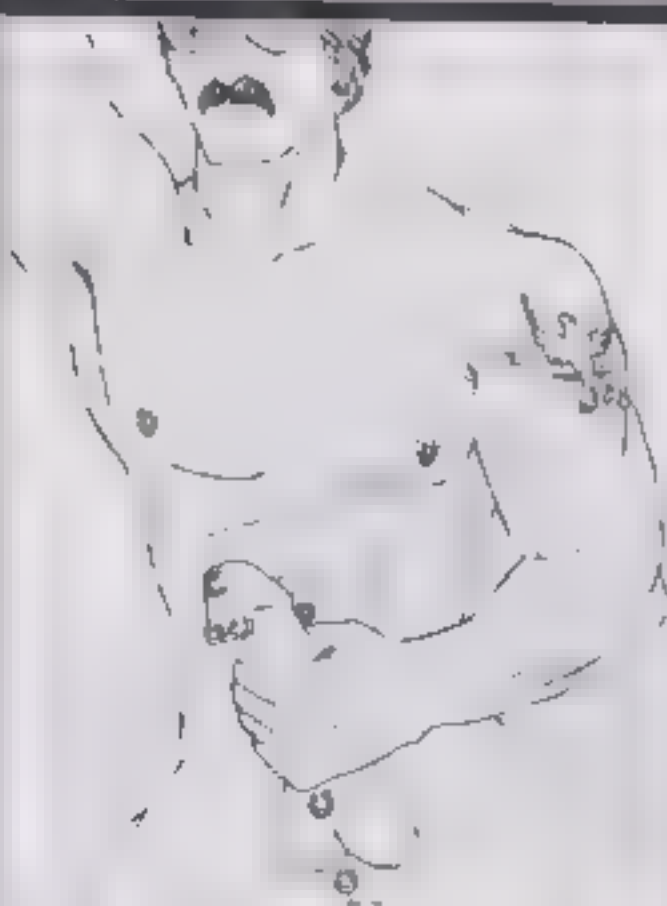
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THE LATE SHOW LAID BARE

The art of Cavelo must be, by now, familiar to any connoisseur of erotic art. His subjects are usually young, muscular and bronzed by the sun; his subject matter tends toward elaborate bondage and torture, with a bent for exotic settings and historical fantasies. His last major project, *Hercules and the King of the Manazons*, was an ideal vehicle for these proclivities, a meandering saga of a massively muscled hero and his torment at the hands of a sadistic war lord. Cavelo's newest is *De Sade and the Musketeers* (The Zeus Collection, Box 64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064; 48 pages, \$9.50 postpaid).

Like its predecessor, *Musketeers* is a completely personal reworking of history and myth; Alexander Dumas might have a hard time recognizing his famous swash-bucklers (and de Sade might have a hard time recognizing himself) in these pages. As a disclaimer notes, "The Zeus Collection pretends no historic credibility in its presentation of de Sade and the Musketeers. This is a fantasy."

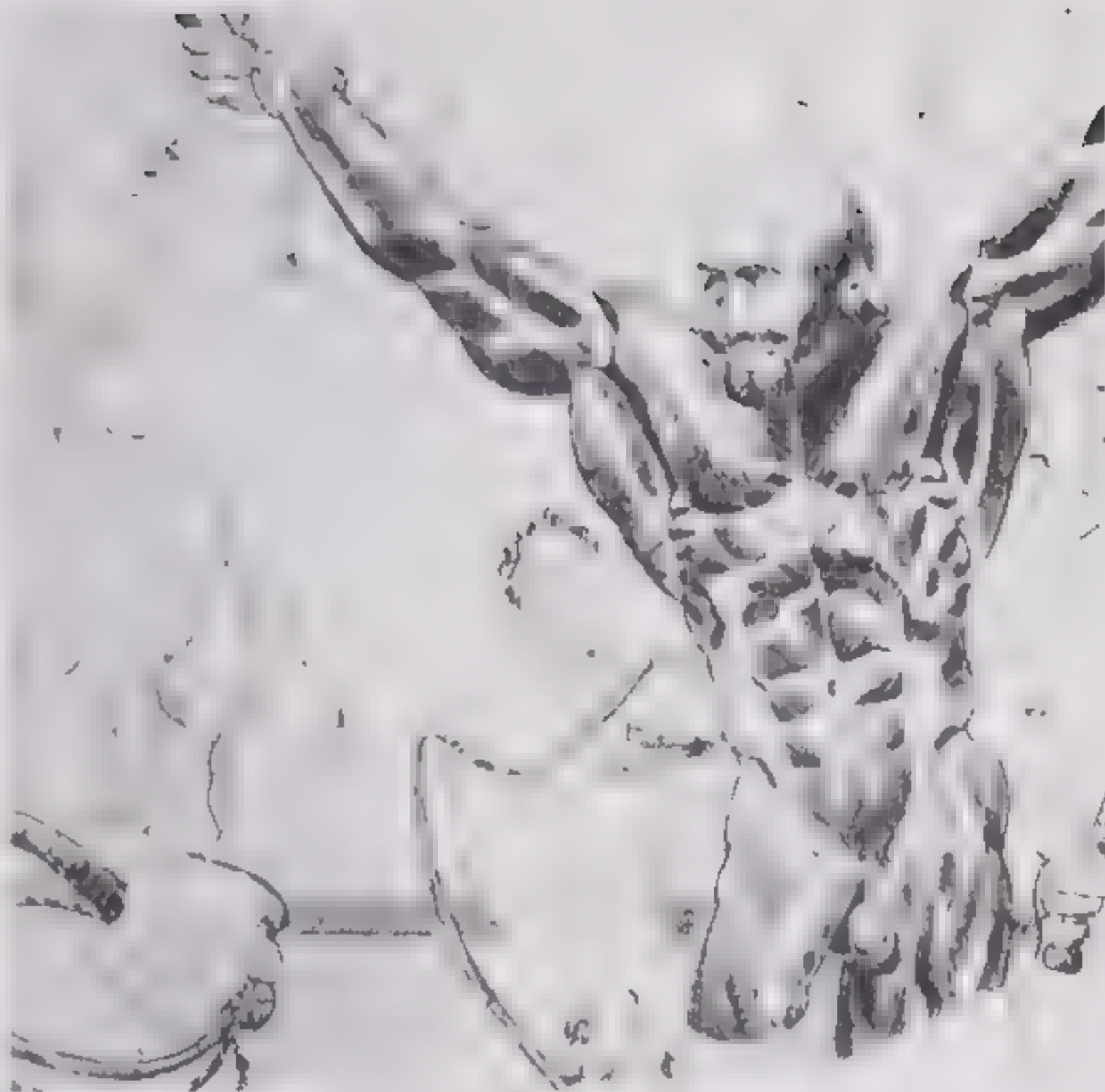
The fantasy is this: We begin in the torture chambers of the infamous Marquis, where the Three Musketeers (plus D'Artagnon, of course) are being held as playthings for the Master's amusement. All four eventually set sail for the court of one Sheik Abdul-Fazzi, where de Sade intends to put his goods on sale. The tables are unexpectedly turned, turned again; and again.

Cavelo's story is not entirely compelling, but the main interest here is the drawings—and they are among the most elaborate that the artist has yet engineered. The overall effect is of an SM comic book, despite the intricate engraved borders that frame each drawing, and the fancy typography.

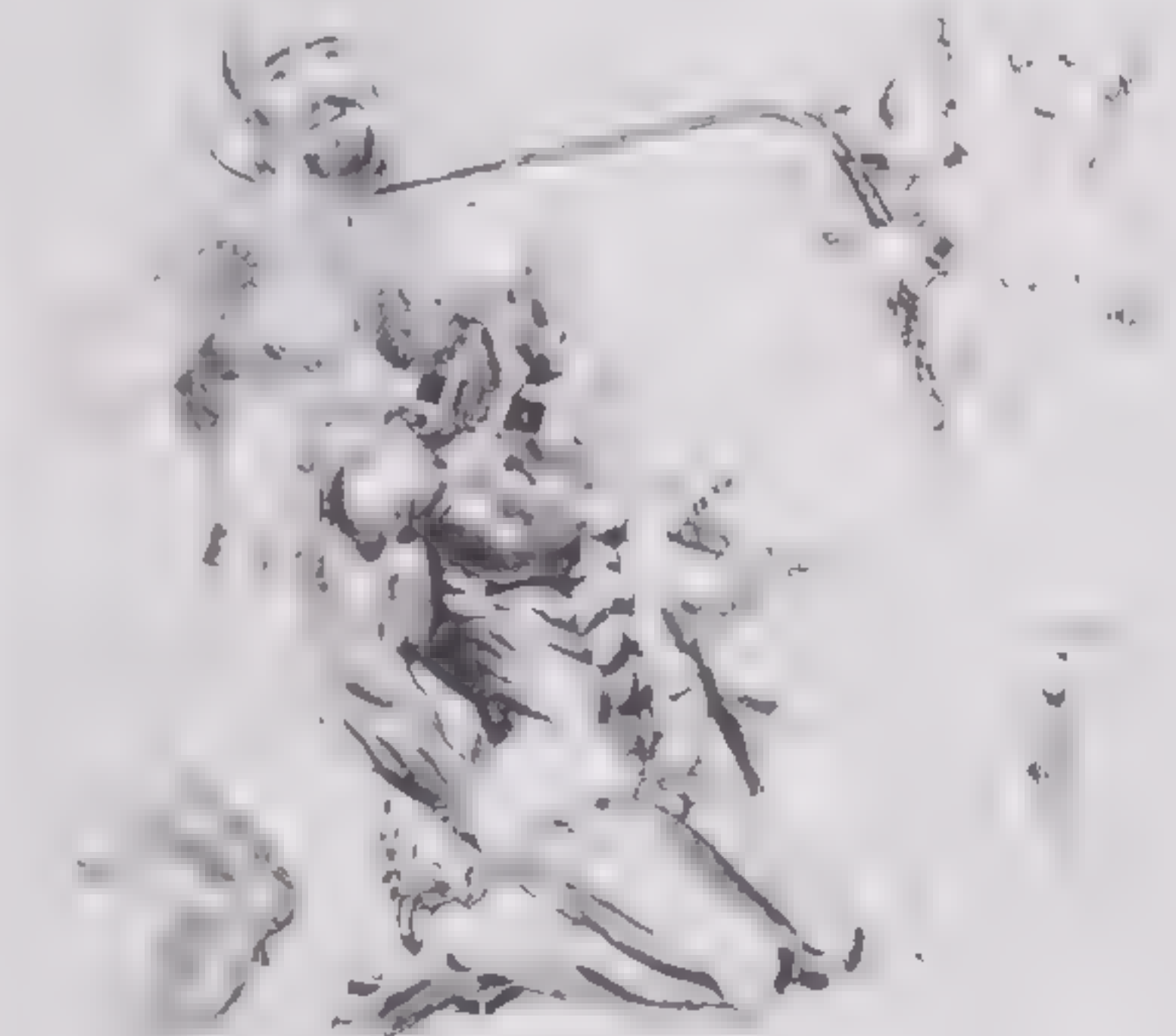
Tom of Finland (with his Kaki series) and Etienne used to work extensively in this field, drawing picture/story books that moved from orgasm to orgasm (both the character's and the reader's). Today, Cavelo is about the only erotic artist devoting his energies to extended, magazine-length fantasies, and his particular fetish for pulp history sets him apart from artists confined to contemporary visions. Following Cavelo's images is like watching the late movie run amok, witnessing the concealed homoeroticism of gladiator films and costume dramas laid bare.

For fans of Cavelo's handiwork, *De Sade and the Three Musketeers* should provide hours of not-so-innocent amusement.

—Aaron Travis



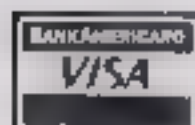
CAVELO DOES DE SADE: Meanwhile, de Sade (top) ...



ZEUS MAGAZINES

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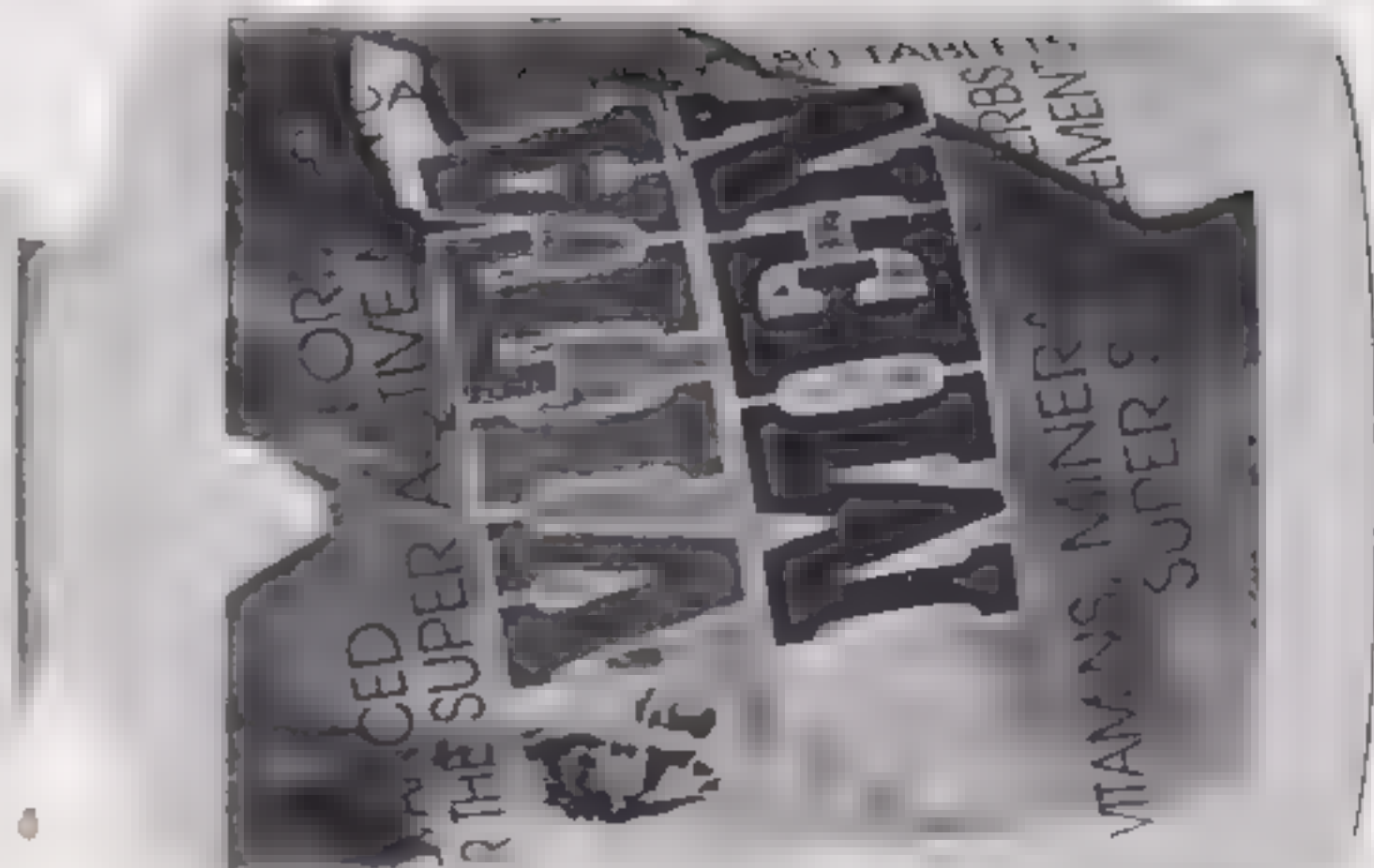
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Biotin	100 mcg	100%
L-Cystine	100 mg	100%

PROSTATE

Prostate tissue	100 mg	100%
Thymus	100 mg	100%

NEW SUPPLEMENT!

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT!
An exciting powerhouse formula designed for your Immune System. Developed by the doctors and lab who give you VITA-MEN



Guaranteed by VITA-MEN laboratories.
San Francisco, CA. Dealer Inquiries Invited.

VITA-MEN LABORATORIES
964 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

- ☐ Send me ___ month's supply of VITA-MEN @ \$25
- ☐ Include ___ month's supply of IMMUNITABS @ \$11.95
- ☐ Send one of each for \$35

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP _____

Enclose is my check or money-order

Or charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

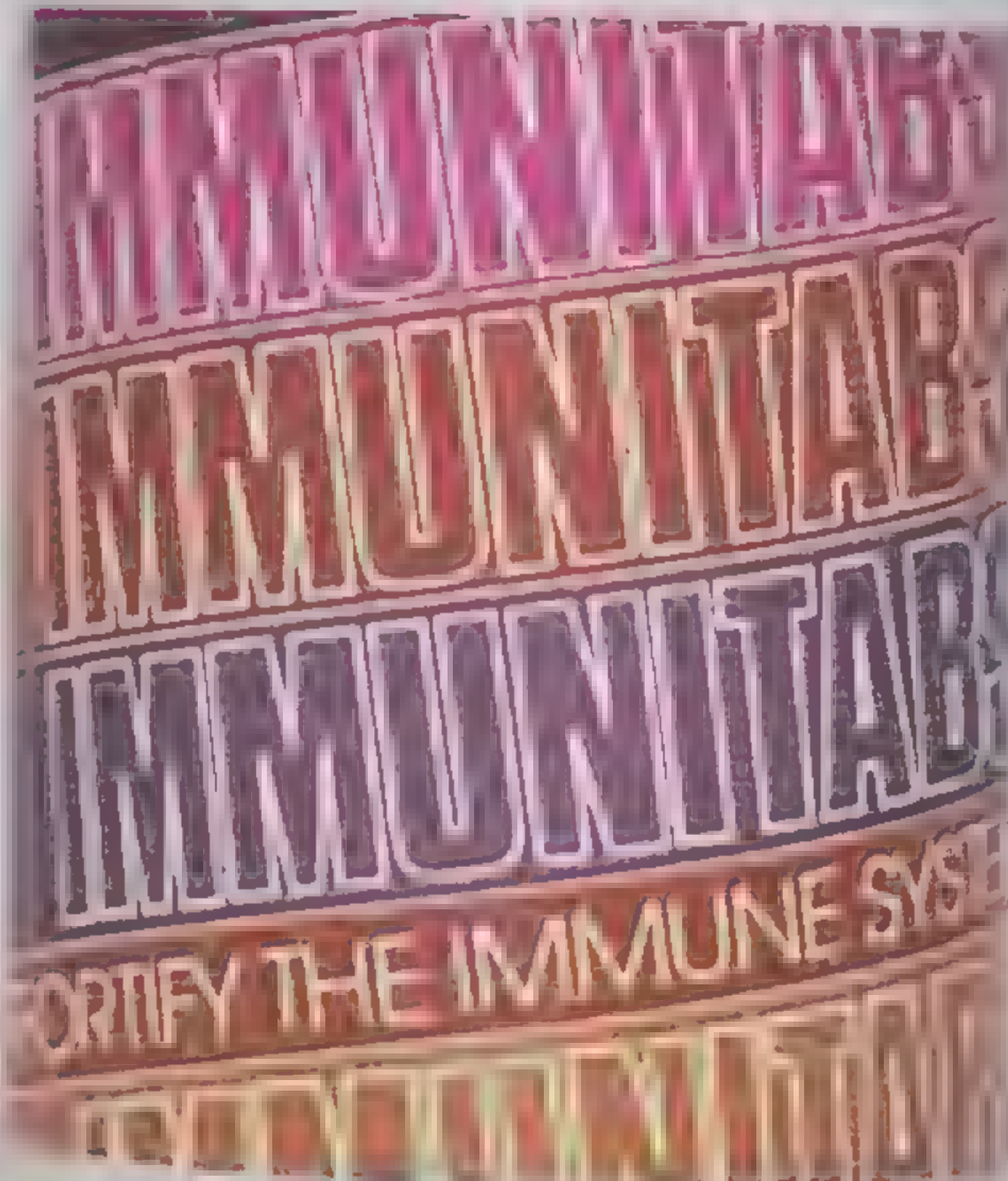
WE MODESTLY PRESENT A MAGNIFICENT ACHIEVEMENT

NEW!

The IMMUNE SYSTEM is your body's front line defense against disease and infection.

When that system is not in top shape, you become vulnerable.

Those of us whose habits include late hours, smoking, drinking to excess, along with a catch-as-catch-can diet with far too many junk foods and an occasional dose of antibiotics play havoc with our immune systems.



The same doctors and lab who developed VITA-MEN, producing the finest mega vitamin-mineral-herbal formula available for men, now offer you the amazing new IMMUNITABS formula. Whatever else you may be taking, include IMMUNITABS along with it. Considering the formula and the quality, the price is modest enough. Isn't your immune system worth it?

Guaranteed by VITA-MEN laboratories, San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited.



THE JOHN KASS STRIP

When JOHN KASS does his strip act in clubs and theatres he gives his all. All his clothes, his attitudes, his bod, and then takes out his big cock. It takes a beating for two shows a day and comes up for more. We asked him to do it with a cigar just for us, and these are the results as photographed by Jim Wigler. Drummer furnished the cigar and the electricity.

